

# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC



REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 55.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1875.

PRICE SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6<sup>d</sup>.



MR. LYTTON-SOTHERN AS 'BERTIE THOMPSON' IN "HOME."



## RAILWAYS.

## OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

**SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.**  
On SATURDAY, MARCH 20, the Ordinary Trains between Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Wandsworth, Putney, Barnes, Chiswick, and Mortlake will be SUSPENDED during a portion of the day, and in place of them Special Trains will run at frequent intervals as required, returning after the race.

Some of the Ordinary Trains between Ludgate-hill and Waterloo, and Kensington and Hammersmith and Richmond, will also be suspended and Special Trains run.

Fares between Waterloo, Vauxhall, Kensington, West Brompton, or Chelsea, and Putney, Barnes, Chiswick, or Mortlake:—Single Journey—First Class, 2s.; Second Class, 1s. 6d. Double Journey—First Class, 2s. 6d.; Second Class, 2s.

N.B.—The Single Journey Fares will be charged from Mortlake, Chiswick, Barnes, and Putney, to the stations above mentioned after the race on Saturday, March 20.

To avoid crowding on the day of the Race, the above Special-Fare Tickets to Putney, Barnes, Chiswick, or Mortlake can be obtained at Waterloo Station (Windsor Line), Vauxhall or Clapham Junction, or at any of the Company's London Receiving-Houses, on and after Wednesday, March 17.

Trains leave Charing-cross and Cannon-street Stations about every five minutes for Waterloo Junction.

A further Advertisement will appear in the daily papers announcing to holders of Barnes Bridge Tickets the time the Special will start for Barnes Bridge.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.—LINCOLN

RACES. SPRING MEETING.—On MONDAY, MARCH 15, a SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class passengers, at ordinary fares, will be run to LINCOLN, leaving King's Cross at 8.30; Peterborough, 10.10; Grantham, 10.45 a.m.

And on Wednesday, March 17, a Special Express Train, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class passengers, will leave Lincoln for London at 6.20; Grantham, 7.5; Peterborough, 7.55 p.m.—Return Tickets will be available by these Trains.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.  
London, King's Cross Station, March, 1875.

## BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY

SATURDAY, Fast Trains for Brighton leave Victoria at 11.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and London Bridge 12 noon, calling at Croydon.

Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace and Grounds). Available to return by any train the same day. (By order) J. P. Knight, General Manager.  
London Bridge Terminus.

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Two and 3 dozen cases, and 4 to 6 gallon jars, carriage paid to any railway station in England. Jars charged 1s. 2d. per gallon; allowed for when returned.

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## THEATRES.

## LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—MR. HENRY IRVING.

EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving; Messrs. Swinbourne, Chippendale, Leathes, G. Neville, Mead, Conway, Clements, Beveridge, Webber, Beaumont, Compton, &c.; Miss G. Pouncefort, Miss Hampden, and Ophelia, Miss Isabel Bateman. Preceded, at 6.50, with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

## ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry

Neville, Sole Lessee and Manager.—156th night of the great realistic drama of the day, THE TWO ORPHANS. The GARRET SCENE, with its startling incidents, received with deafening applause. Superlative cast: Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler, Messrs. William Rignold, Harcourt, Voltaire, Sugden, Roland, and Atkins; Mesdames Erntstone, Huntley, Harcourt, Hazleton, Taylor, and Charles Viner. At 7, TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER; at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS. Box-office hours, 11 to 5. Prices from 6d. to 43 3s. Doors open at 6.30.

## ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Sole Manager,

M. L. Mayer.—ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS, EVERY EVENING.—A Grand Spectacular Drama, in Four Acts and Eighteen Tableaux, adapted from D'Ennery and Verne's famous Parisian success, "Le Tour du Monde en 80 Jours." Supported by Messrs. H. Sinclair, A. Glover, W. Macintyre, Brittain Wright; Mesdames Helen Barry, C. Nott, Macdonald, and Alma Murray. Doors open at 7; commence at 7.30.

## VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING,

at 7, A WHIRLIGIG. At 7.45, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron. Concluding with, the favourite Farce A REGULAR FIX. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Warner, W. H. Stephens, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended.

## ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and

Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.—THIS EVENING, at 7, INTRIGUE. At 7.20, OLD SAILORS: Messrs. Terry, Vernon, Cox, Grahame, Stephenson; Mesdames Ada Swanborough, M. Terry, and Raymond. At 9.15, LOO, AND THE PARTY WHO TOOK MISS: Messrs. Terry, Marius, and Cox; Mesdames Claude, Venne, Jones, &c.

## ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,

Mr. HARE.—THIS EVENING, at 7.30, SHORT AND SWEET. Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. H. Kemble, Mr. Stuart, Miss Hollingshead, and Miss Hughes (Mrs. Gaston Murray). After which, at 8.30, a New and Original Comedy in four acts, entitled LADY FLORA. Written by Charles F. Coghlan. Characters will be played by Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal) and Miss Amy Fawcett, Mr. Kendal, Mr. John Clayton, Mr. C. Kelley, Mr. H. Kemble, and Mr. Hare. Act 1. Morning-room at Fairleigh. Act 2. The Top of Clumbers. Act 3. The Lawn at Fairleigh. Act 4. The Drawing-room. The new scenery by Messrs. Gordon and Harford. The auditorium has been entirely redecorated. The new act-drop, painted by Mr. Val Princep (who has most kindly volunteered his services) and Mr. John O'Connor, Assistant Stage Manager, Mr. R. Cathcart. Musical Director, Herr Schoening. Box-office open daily from 11 to 5. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. John Huy.

## CRITERION THEATRE, Regent-circus, Piccadilly.

Sole Proprietors and responsible Managers, SPIERS and POSE.—Every Evening, at 8, LES PRES SAINT-GERVAIS, new Comic Opera in English, by Charles Lecocq. Produced under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston. Principal Artists, Mesdames Pauline Rita, Camille Dubois, Lilian Adair, Florence Hunter, Emily Thorne; Messrs. A. Brenner, Connell, Hogan, Grantham, Loredan, and Perrini. Conductor, Mr. F. Stanislaus. The Opera commences at 8 and terminates at 11. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. EDWARD MURRAY.

## ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Miss LITTON has the

honour to announce that the above Theatre will OPEN, under her management, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, on which occasion will be presented the enormously successful Comedy, BRIGHTON; after which (first time at this Theatre), Brough's Extravaganza, CONRAD AND MEDORA, in which Miss Henrietta Hodson will appear, assisted by Miss Millie Cook, Mr. E. W. Royce, Mr. Carlos Florentine, and the whole of the present Court Company. Further particulars will be duly announced.—Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter.

## PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.—GRAND

ENGLISH OPERA. Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Munroe, Mr. Henry Nordblom, Mr. F. Celli, Mr. Marler.—On MONDAY, MARCH 15, THE BOHEMIAN GIRL. Tuesday and Wednesday, MARIANA. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Auber's Grand Opera of FRA DIAVOLO. Preceded Every Evening by JESSAMY'S COURTSHIP. MR. SHEPHERD'S BENEFIT, MARCH 24. Early application for Fauteuils and Private Boxes will oblige.

## SURREY THEATRE.—Lessee, W. Holland.

EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, ABRAHAM-NA-POGUE. Preceded at 7 with THE TWO POLTS; conclude with CRUSOE THE SECOND, the "Bouffon Bouffe that ever you did see," by Frank W. Green. Marie Henderson as Arrah-na-Pogue, H. Forrester as Shaun-the-Pot, nightly. Prices from 6d. to 3 6s. Doors open at 6.30. Carriages at 11. SATURDAY, MARCH 27, and Every Evening till further notice, HAMLET. Mr. Creswick, &c. Treasurer, Charles Holland; Secretary, Thomas B. Warne.

## NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.

Complete success of the Court Theatre Company, with the celebrated Comedy, BRIGHTON—the original Artists in their original characters, Miss Litton, Mr. W. J. Hill, and Mr. Charles Wyndham. To conclude with ON STRIKE. Every Evening at 7.

## GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole Proprietor,

Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST.—"Good wine needs no bush."—Every Evening at 7, to commence with the Grand Pantomime of SNIP, SNAL, SNORUM. Mr. George Conquest (who will introduce his wonderful phantom flight), assisted by George Conquest, jun., Messrs. Campbell, A. Williams, Grant, Osmond, Inch; Misses Delamonte, Cooke, Lizzie Conquest, Victor, Dervil Inch, and Laura and Ada Conquest, and the Corps de Ballet. To conclude (except Wednesday and Thursday) with THE BLIND SISTER. Wednesday, to conclude with "Jack Long of Texas"; Thursday, "A Quiet Family" and Concert.—Private Boxes can be booked at all the Libraries.

## BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Intensely

interesting New Drama, with New Scenery and Appointments. Every Evening, at 6.45, STOLEN AWAY.—Mrs. S. LANE, Mr. G. H. MACDERMOTT; Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Bell, Holland, C. Pitt, Bigwood, Lewis; Misses Adams, Bellair, Summers, &c. The celebrated Protean, MORRIS, in his marvellous Mystic Metamorphoses. With THE MORTGAGE DEEDS. Wednesday, the Benefit of the Hand in Hand Society.

## ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.—Manager, Mr.

JOHN BAUM.—Immense Success of Offenbach's Grand Opera-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON. Written by H. B. Farnie. Mesdames Kate Santley, Lennox Grey, Grace Armytage, and Julia Mathews; Messrs. H. Paulton, J. Rouse, W. M. Terrott, W. Worboys, and C. Heywood.

## ALHAMBRA.—The GRAND BARBARIC

BALLET, the Wonder of London.—Milles, Pertoldi, Sidonio, and M. Dewinne. The magnificent Dresses and Costumes designed by A. Thompson, Esq. The increased Orchestra, conducted by Mons. G. Jacobi. Prices from 6d. to 2 2s. Box-office open from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m. Doors open at 6.45; commence at 7.15. On Monday, March 22, Farewell Benefit of Mr. John Baum.

## MR. JOHN BAUM begs to inform his Patrons and

the Public that his FAREWELL BENEFIT will take place on MONDAY, MARCH 22, when the following distinguished Artists will appear:—Miss Kate Santley, Miss Lennox Grey, Miss Grace Armytage, and Miss Julia Mathews; Mr. Harry Paulton, Mr. W. M. Terrott, Mr. J. Rouse, Mr. W. Worboys, and Mr. C. Heywood, assisted by many of the leading actors of the day. The celebrated Vokes Family (by kind permission of Mr. F. B. Chatterton) will appear in the Comedietta of "The Wrong Man in the Right Place."

Grand Morning Performance. Great Attractions.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

## SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL

AMPHITHEATRE (late Astley's).—Great Attraction.—The Circus, Drama, and Pantomime. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, commencing at 2; Evenings at 7. Scenes in the Arena. TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK. Concluding with the Great Pantomime. Prices from 6d. to 25 5s.

## SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL

AMPHITHEATRE.—Monster Programme.—Owing to the extraordinary success of the present Programme the MORNING PERFORMANCES will be resumed DAILY until further notice. The Two-Headed Nightingale, specially engaged, will appear at every performance. Every day at 2 o'clock. Evening at 7 o'clock.

## HENGLE'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-street,

Oxford-circus.—GRAND SPECIAL PROGRAMME.—New Scenes, New Engagements.—Professor G. Vidal, from the Cirque du Rey, Lisbon, in the High School of the Ménage (his first appearance in England); the celebrated French Female Artistes, Nathalie, Leontine, and Blanche; the great Trial of Skill in Leaping, including Wooda Cook, the celebrated Double Somersault Thrower and Daring Horseman; W. Randal in his dashing acts on a barebacked steed; Madame Felix and her Canine Wonders; and the funniest Clowns extant, including C. Keith, the justly celebrated Clown, from the principal Circuses in England and the Continent. On Wednesday, March 17, a Grand Day and Evening Equestrian Fête, the Complimentary Benefit of Mr. Charles Hengler, when a Special Programme will be submitted, introducing the whole of the talented company in all the most recherché Scenes of the Arena. MORNING PERFORMANCES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. Children under Ten, half price. Prices, 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.; Private Boxes, £1 10s. Box-office open at the Cirque from 10 to 4. Doors open every evening at 7. The present season terminates on Saturday, March 20.

MARCH 15 and 16, LITTLE SANDY'S BENEFIT. A Special Programme. Mrs. Sandy will appear on her highly-trained horse Piriteer.

## BARRY SULLIVAN'S FAREWELL of England

Scotland, and Ireland, previous to his return visit to America. THEATRE ROYAL, SHEFFIELD, MONDAY, MARCH 8, for TWELVE Nights.

Manchester.

Hanley.

Birmingham.

Liverpool.

&c., to follow.

Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for Week ending

MARCH 20.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19.—Concert. Herr Joachim; Misses Edith Wyne and Helena Arnim.

TUESDAY, MARCH 16.—Holcroft's ROAD TO RUIN. For cast see daily papers.

THURSDAY, MARCH 18.—Shakspeare's ROMEO AND JULIET. For cast see daily papers.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20.—Concert.

Monday to Friday, One Shilling. Saturday, Half a Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

## OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.—

HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE. THE CITY ARMS, EDWARD MAY, Proprietor. The View from here is acknowledged to be the finest on the river. Private Rooms, from 28ft by 18ft to 18ft by 12ft. Also Seats on Balcony and Roof, prices from 6s. upwards. Early application is requested.

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## S. T. JAMES'S HALL.

The New and Extraordinary Successful Programme of the

## MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS

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Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, Three and Eight.

MR. HUGH DOUGHERTY,

the American Humourist and Comedian, will appear, in addition to the great

and powerful Company of Forty Performers. The whole of the new and charming Ballads have been pronounced by the leading journals of the metropolis to be the best and most successful that have been produced for a very considerable period.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

Juveniles under Twelve half price to Area and Stalls.

No fees; no charge for Programmes. Ladies can retain their bonnets in

all parts of the Hall. Tickets and places at Austin's office, from 9 a.m.

till 6 p.m.

## POLYTECHNIC.—The NEW ILLUSION in the

MYSTIC SCROLL is one of the most startling effects ever produced.

The scenery is beautiful, the music good, and the entertainment full of

genuine humour. Twice daily, at 3.45 and 8.45, by Mr. Seymour Smith.

Chymical Marvels (second part) by Professor Gardner, at 3 and 7.30; or,

Legends of the Isle of Wight, or Scopes, Old and New, by Mr. King. The

Transit of Venus, daily, at 2 and 8. This interesting lecture is revised and

rearranged to illustrate the most recent intelligence from the various

stations. Open 12 and 7. Admission, 1s.

## ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—OPEN

DAILY (except Sunday). Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children

always 6d. Among the most recent additions are a young Australian

Cassowary, from Queensland, presented by the Marquess of Normanby, a

Cock of the Rock, and a Banded Cotinga.

## MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-

STREET.—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS OF LADY JANE

GREY, the Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir

Garnet Wolseley, the three Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Dr. Kenaly,

the Claimant, the Shah of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr.

Charles Dickens. Admission, 1s.; Children under twelve, 6d.; Extra

Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

## MASKELYNE and COOKE.—PSYCHO, the

Greatest Wonder of 1875 and the latest EGYPTIAN HALL

MYSTERY, is attracting the elite of London. Psycho, a small mechanical

figure only 22 in. high, plays a Game at Whist, and performs a series of

conjuring tricks without the aid of confederates or the assistance of Mr.

Maskelyne.

## MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN HALL,

Piccadilly.—DAILY, at 3 and 8. Admission, from 5s. to 1s.

Seats can be booked, free of charge, at the Hall, and all the principal agents

in City and West End. W. MORROX, Manager.

## BY ROYAL COMMAND.—Messrs. MASKELYNE

and COOKE gave their marvellous ENTERTAINMENT at SAN

DRINGHAM, on Jan. 11, before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Princess

of Wales, and a large party of distinguished guests.

## DR. LYNN, as a humourist (says the "Times"),

used to compete on equal terms with Artemus Ward, and his

performance is the most wonderful and amusing that ever composed an

evening's entertainment.

## DR. LYNN.—Well may the public also ask, What

will Dr. Lynn do next? and an answer to the inquiry will be found

below. The "Daily Telegraph" says the entertainment throughout has

never been equalled, and that legredmain and laughter have never been

linked together in such happy combination.

## DR. LYNN.—The "Standard" says it is impossible

to withhold the homage of admiration from Dr. Lynn's achievements,

and that the discourse which accompanies Dr. Lynn's marvellous doings is

an amusing performance in itself. What more can be said or written about

the great original performer of ancient and modern mysteries?

## DR. LYNN.—PALENGENESIA.—"Nothing has

been seen in the metropolis that will bear comparison with Dr. Lynn's

achievements."—Morning Post.

## DR. LYNN.—THIS AFTERNOON, at 3; and

THIS EVENING, at 8; every lawful day throughout the year, at 3

and 8.—EGYPTIAN LARGE HALL. No fees; no charge for programme.

## COL. CORDOVA'S NEW DRAWING-ROOMS



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Piccadilly.—GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR  
DRAWINGS.—The Eleventh Annual Exhibition OPEN DAILY, from 10  
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Managers, from whom he has instructions to engage talent of the best  
stamp for early or distant dates.  
The Engagements of George Leybourne, Clarence Holt, Henri Clark, Fred  
Foster, Harvey and Connolly, Fred Albert, E. A. Hart, Pearson (Sussex  
Dwarf), Algar's Monstre Troupe, the Banvards, Minnie Rogers, Elspa  
and Sillo, Rogers and Leslie, Coyne, Harman and Elston, Milburn, The Ran-  
dalls, Kate Bella, Sisters Lindon, Fox and Laura Sedgwick, Clara Fay's  
Fairy Troupe, The Quakers, The Richardsons, The Italian Choir, Tom  
Lucette, Prof. Beaumont, Stella de Vere, Seward Brothers, Matthews Family,  
Bryant's Marionettes, Edgar Wilson, Laura Fay, Estelle Troupe, Sybil Ray,  
Bessie Bonehill, Louie Rosalie, Misses Creswick and Vezin, Annie Wilder,  
Elise Vibart, Little Lizzie Coote, Suphrini, Sidney Stevens, Dick Geldard,  
Harry Dales, Maude Beverley, Lizzie Barrett, Fred Roberts, Storelli, Albert  
West, Flora Plimmsoll, Ceila Dashwood, Mdlle. Esther Austin's Great  
Troupe, Nelly Estelle and Milly Howes, Coupar, Quilter and Goldrick, The  
Guidas and Neviers Skaters, Harvey Trio, Le Voy, Le Clerq, and Hearnie,  
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are made by this Agency.  
**CHARLES ROBERTS' STAR LOUNGE CORNER CLUB-ROOMS,**  
55, WATERLOO-ROAD.  
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Front-row Dress Circle, at every theatre in London.

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Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass, will shortly make his  
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**O P E R A - B O U F F E .**—  
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Mr. Carte is Agent for all the principal Theatres in London and the  
Provinces at which musical pieces are played.—OPERA AND CONCERT  
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GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,  
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Silver Watches, from £2 2s. to £10 10s.  
A Great Assortment of Clocks and Timepieces.

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new blood, and its vivifying effect on the nerve centres, it develops new  
health, strength, and energy quickly. An increased appetite is always an  
effect of Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic. Thirty-two doses are contained  
in the 4s. 6d. bottle; next size, 11s.; 1 stone jars, 22s. Sold by all Chemists;  
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Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder,  
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with the excess of Fat extracted.  
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Beverage for BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER." Keeps in all  
climates. Requires no cooking. A Teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup costing  
less than a Halfpenny. In Tins, at 1s. 6d., 3s., &c., by Chemists and Grocers.  
Cocoatina à la Vanille at same prices. Samples free by post.  
H. SCHWEITZER and Co., 10, Adam-street, W.C.

**MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.**  
"It may justly be called the Per-  
fection of Prepared Cocoa."—British  
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"Entire solubility, a delicate  
aroma, and a rare concentration of  
the purest elements of nutrition,  
distinguish the MARAVILLA  
COCOA above all others."—Globe.  
Sold in tin-lined packets only by  
Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS,  
London, Sole Proprietors.

\* \* Our notice of "Paul Jones" has been unavoidably held over  
till next week, owing to pressure of other matter.

## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1875.

### The Drama.

The postponement of Thursday until this evening of the  
opening of the Princess's Theatre, under the management of  
M. L. Mayer, for the production of the English version of the Port  
St. Martin's successful spectacular drama *Le Tour du Monde en*  
*80 Jours*, has left the week a blank as regards the only announced  
important theatrical novelty, although several minor changes  
and events have to be chronicled.

Mr. Hollingshead has retired, at least for the present, from  
his two supplementary managements, having brought his  
season at the Holborn Amphitheatre to a termination on  
Saturday last, and that at the Opera Comique last night. At  
the former, his laudable experiment, during the last weeks of  
his management, in favour of the "legitimate" drama was far  
from successful. Independent of the unexpected *contretemps* of  
Mr. Ryder's illness, which necessitated at the last moment a  
chopping about of the intended cast in the first revival, *The*  
*Bridal*—Sheridan Knowles's version of Beaumont and Fletcher's  
play of *The Maid's Tragedy*—and notwithstanding the accession  
of an actor of such experience and acknowledged ability as Mr.  
Creswick, the company, with, perhaps, three or four exceptions,  
was quite inadequate to give more than a very mediocre  
representation of this gloomy play, and still less of Shaka-  
speare's *Merchant of Venice*, which succeeded it, or of *Othello*,  
with which the season closed on Saturday night. In the  
former the cast of the principal characters included Mr.  
Creswick, as 'Shylock'; Mr. Pennington, as 'Bassanio'; Mr. Hall,  
Edgar, as 'Antonio'; Mr. Forrester, as 'Gratiano'; Mr. Hall,  
as 'Launcelot Gobbo'; and Miss Leighton, as 'Portia'; and  
in the latter Mr. Creswick appeared as 'Iago'; Mr. Pen-  
nington, as the 'Moor'; and Miss Leighton as 'Desdemona.'  
At the Opéra Comique *The Lady of Lyons* has been represented

since Monday, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendall as 'Claude Melnotte'  
and 'Pauline,' and the same cast as previously given here, and  
the season, as already mentioned, closed last night.

At the Gaiety matinee, on Saturday, *The Lady of Lyons* was  
again performed with the same cast. The eleventh day per-  
formance of *Blue Beard* took place at the Globe, and *Our*  
*American Cousin* at the Haymarket, where, as 'Dundreary,' Mr.  
Sothern still continues to draw crowded houses to the Saturday  
afternoon representations, as well as to the evening per-  
formances as 'Colonel White,' in the comedy of *Home*, supple-  
mented by *The Serious Family*, with Mr. Buckstone as  
'Aminadab Slek.' Day performances also were, as usual, given  
at Hengler's Cirque and Sanger's Royal Amphitheatre  
(Astley's), the latter, as well as those in the evening, being for  
the benefit of the proprietors, Messrs. Sanger, and at which, in  
addition to a voluminous special programme, the Two-Headed  
Nightingale, who only arrived from Berlin the previous after-  
noon, made her appearance.

Several minor changes have taken place in the programmes  
of some of the theatres during the week. At the Gaiety, *A*  
*Midsummer Night's Dream*, which, with Mr. Phelps as  
'Bottom,' and the admirably rendered music and picturesque  
fairy revels, still continues highly attractive, is now preceded  
by the operetta of the *Singing Lesson*, and followed by a revival  
of the amusing farce of *His First Champagne*, admirably  
rendered by Messrs. Arthur Cecil, Righton, Hall, and Taylor,  
and Misses Rita, West, Cavalier, and Mrs. Stephens. At the  
Vaudeville, where Byron's comedy of *Our Boys* is proving an  
unprecedented success, the burlesque of *Romulus and Remus*  
has given place during the week to the farce of *A Regular Fix*.  
At the Surrey, Boucicault's celebrated Irish drama of *Arrah-  
na-Pogue*, a notice of which appears in another column, has  
been supplemented by a new piece of extravagance entitled  
*Cruise the Second, the Bonniest Bonfire that ever you did see*, written  
by Frank Green, author of the late brilliant and successful  
Surrey and other pantomimes, and for whose benefit on Thurs-  
day evening Miss Nelly Power was to return to the stage and  
appear for this night only.

The plays selected by Mr. Charles Wyndham for representa-  
tion at the Crystal Palace this week were *Romeo and Juliet* on  
Tuesday, Miss Carlisle appearing as 'Juliet'; and *The Merchant*  
*of Venice* on Thursday, with Mr. Creswick as 'Shylock,' Miss  
Genevieve Ward as 'Portia,' and Miss Rachel Sanger as  
'Nerissa.'

The long-standing programmes of the other theatres still  
continue with undiminished attraction. *Hamlet* at the Lyceum,  
now advancing to its second centime. The *Two Orphans* at the  
Olympic, where its 150th representation was celebrated by a  
crowded house on Monday evening. *Sweethearts*, with Mrs.  
Bancroft's charmingly-dainty impersonation of the two phases  
of girlhood and dignified matron, and Robertson's comedy of  
*Society*, continue to fill the pretty bijou Prince of Wales's  
Theatre. At the Strand, Mr. Byron's *Old Sailors* has reached  
its 124th representation, and Mr. Fannie's *Loo* its 143rd, and  
still continue attractive. The combination of the two dramas  
*The Lancashire Lass* and *Lost in London* is quite sufficient to  
nightly fill the Adelphi to overflowing; but the bill here will  
undergo a change next Saturday, when *Nicholas Nickleby* will  
be produced, with Mr. John Clarke as 'Squeers.' *Les Près St.*  
*Gervais* at the Criterion, *La Perichole*, and Mr. Collette in the  
piece of patter extravagance, *While It's to be Had*, at the  
Royalty, and *The New Magdalen*, with Miss Ada Cavendish's  
impressive impersonation of 'Merey Merrick' at the Charing  
Cross, still continue their prosperous career. *Dick Whittington*  
with its gorgeously mounted barbaric ballet, nightly fills  
the Alhambra. Miss Litton and her Court company continue  
to delight the Orientals at the Standard, in the comedy of  
*Brighton and Peacock's Holiday*. Opera is taking a firm stand  
at the Philharmonic, where *The Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*  
have been represented alternately during the last fortnight.  
Miss Rose Hersee, who sustains the title rôle in the latter, has  
achieved a brilliant success; while at the extreme north-  
west, *The Two Orphans* at the Marylebone and *The Colleen Bawn*  
at the Alexandra at Camden Town are great successes.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream* will be represented for the first  
time at the Gaiety matinee to-day; and the usual day perform-  
ances will take place, *Blue Beard* at the Globe, *Our American*  
*Cousin* at the Haymarket, and at Hengler's and Sangers.

To-night several important theatrical events take place.  
Mr. Chatterton terminates his season at Drury-Lane with his  
annual benefit, for which a voluminous and varied programme  
will be offered to his patrons, and will include, besides the  
Moore and Burgess Minstrels, who will give selections from  
their celebrated entertainment, the first act of *Amy Robsart*,  
two acts from *Rebecca*, the *Belles of the Kitchen*, by the Vokes'  
family, and the first scene of the pantomime *Aladdin*.

Mr. Hollingshead's season terminated at the Opéra Comique  
last night; but the theatre will open this evening for the first  
benefit of Mr. Richard Temple, the popular baritone, when a  
grand operatic festival will take place, comprising acts  
from the operas of *Maritana*, the *Bohemian Girl*, *Fra*  
*Diavolo*, *Il Trovatore*, and a ballad concert, supported by  
most of our leading native vocalists, including Miss Blanche  
Cole, Miss Patti Laverne, Mdlle. E. Telma, a *débutante*; Miss  
Constance Loseby, Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Annie Goodall,  
Miss Lucy Franklin, and Miss Palmer; Messrs. George  
Perren, E. Cotte, H. Walsham, the new tenor, Wells,  
Nordblom, Aynsley Cook, Rosenthal, and Richard Temple.

The opening of the Princess's, under the management of  
M. L. Mayer, postponed from Thursday, takes place to-night,  
when an English adaptation of MM. D'Ennery and Vernie's  
great Parisian success, *Le Tour du Monde en 80 Jours*, will be  
produced under the title of *Round the World in Eighty Days*.  
The principal characters will be sustained by Miss Helen  
Barry, Miss Carlisle, Miss Cicely Nott, Miss Macdonald, Alma  
Murray, and Messrs. H. Sinclair, A. Glover, Brittain Wright,  
M'Intyre, Beverley, &c. The drama, in four acts and eighteen  
tableaux, is purely of the spectacular order, and comprises  
scenes on the Suez canal, pictures of life and ceremonies in  
India, and sensational incidents in America and the far West.

But the most interesting event is the opening, to-night, of  
the Court Theatre, under the management of Mr. Hare, late of  
the Prince of Wales's Theatre, who inaugurates his régime with  
the programme given by us last week—viz., a comedietta, in  
which Miss Hughes (Mrs. Gaston Murray), Miss Hollingshead,  
Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Cathcart will appear; and a new and  
original comedy in four acts, entitled *Lady Flora*, and written  
by Mr. Charles Coghlan, of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, the  
leading characters in which will be sustained by Miss Madge  
Robertson (Mrs. Kendall), Miss Amy Fawcitt, and Messrs.  
Kendal, John Clayton, Charles Kelly, Kemble, and Mr. Hare  
himself.

### SURREY THEATRE.

ARRAH-NA-POGUE.

UNDER the energetic management of Mr. William Holland,  
the Surrey Theatre is not only fast recovering all its ancient  
prestige, but is being advanced to a higher position than it has  
hitherto held among metropolitan theatres. This progress  
under Mr. Holland's discriminating direction is discernible at

once in the higher class of pieces selected for representation,  
the general efficiency of the casts with which they are sup-  
ported, and the excellence of artistic and characteristic scenery  
and other accessories, all culminating in a harmonious ensemble,  
under a careful and intelligent stage management; while in  
front of the curtain the comfort and convenience of the  
audience are equally cared for, and with the utmost civility  
and attention from the officials. On the withdrawal of  
Mr. Green's very successful pantomime, Mr. Holland  
produced Mr. Boucicault's Irish drama of *Arrah-na-Pogue*, as  
mentioned by us last week; and this highly effective piece,  
which enjoyed a success on its first production at the Princess's  
little short of the author's *Colleen Bawn*, has taken wonderfully  
with the patrons of the Surrey, which is nightly crowded in  
every part, and is likely to continue so till Easter. All the  
interesting incidents of the story are followed with the keenest  
attention; sympathy for the sorrows of 'Arrah,' laughter at the  
humour of 'Shaun,' enthusiastic applause at the gallant  
bearing of 'Beamish McCool,' the genial good-nature of the  
'O'Grady,' and the final triumph of 'Shaun,' alternate with  
unmistakable execration at the cringing deceit and villany of  
the process-server, 'Michael Feeny.' The perilous ascent by  
the ivy wall of 'Shaun' in escaping from his prison, most  
admirably managed, is also watched with breathless atten-  
tion, which bursts out into vociferous acclamation as  
'Shaun' hurls 'Feeny' down the precipice and clasps  
his faithful 'Arrah' to his heart. The play is admirably put  
on the stage, the scenery being new and picturesque, especially  
the views of the romantic localities of Wicklow, the ruins in  
the neighbourhood of the famous Glendalough, the ivy wall by  
which 'Shaun' escapes, and the watch-tower whence 'Arrah'  
throws her love-missive down the chimney to 'Shaun's' prison.  
The characters are very well sustained all round, even to the  
crowd of peasants, who give characteristic life and reality to  
the wedding merriment in the barn and to the excitement of  
the trial scene. Some of the principals deserve special com-  
mendation. Mr. H. Forrester, as 'Shaun-the-Post,' though a  
little hard and wanting in the rich unctious of a "native born,"  
is careful and artistic, maintaining the "brogue" singularly  
well throughout, and imparting a good deal of impressiveness  
to the patriotic song of "Wearing the Green;" 'The O'Grady'  
is well represented by Mr. F. Shepherd; the chivalrous 'Beamish  
McCool' is sustained by Mr. H. C. Sydney, with gentlemanly ease  
and marked intelligence. The wretch 'Feeny' is rendered  
with repulsive fidelity by Mr. Henry Nicholls, one of the  
most promising young actors on the English stage; Mr. F. de  
Belville looks and acts well as the English officer, 'Major  
Coffin.' Miss Marie Henderson, who makes her first appear-  
ance at this theatre, sustains the part of the heroine, 'Arrah-  
of-the-Kiss,' with great vivacity and archness in the lighter  
phases of the character and with appropriate pathos and  
tenderness when overwhelmed with the self-sacrifice of her  
husband, 'Shaun.' The only exception to be taken to her  
excellent delineation is in the trial scene, where she seems to  
participate only in the humorous excitement of the proceed-  
ings, and to indicate no great solicitude in the imminence of  
the result until the sentence, when, however, this apparent  
levity is amply compensated for by her sudden and artistic  
prostration; and Miss Margaret Cooper is a charming repre-  
sentative of the tender and heroic heiress of Cabinteely.

The drama is preceded by the amusing farce of *The Two*  
*Polts*, and followed during the week by a new piece of extra-  
vagance by Mr. Frank Green, entitled *Cruise the Second, the*  
*Bonniest Bonfire that ever you did see*.

MR. SHEPHERD's complimentary benefit at the Philharmonic  
Theatre is fixed for Wednesday week, the 24th inst.

The *Two Orphans* reached its 150th representation at the  
Olympic on Monday evening.

The opening of the Princess's Theatre, announced for Thurs-  
day, has been postponed till this evening, when the spectacular  
drama, *Round the World in Eighty Days*, an English adaptation  
of MM. D'Ennery and Vernie's famous Parisian success, *Le*  
*Tour du Monde en 80 Jours*, will be produced for the first time  
in England.

The demand for places for the Hingston benefit performance  
at Drury Lane Theatre, on Thursday afternoon next, has been  
so great that the ordinary number of stalls has been increased  
by an additional hundred.

MR. HALLIDAY's dramatic version of *Nicholas Nickleby* will be  
produced at the Adelphi next Saturday, with Mr. Emery as  
'John Browdie,' Mr. Belmore as 'Newman Noggs,' Mr. Shore  
as 'Brooker,' Mr. Fernandez as 'Ralph Nickleby,' Mr. Terris  
as 'Nicholas Nickleby,' Mr. John Clarke as 'Squeers,' Mrs.  
Alfred Mellon as 'Mrs. Squeers,' Miss H. Coveney as 'Fanny  
Squeers,' Miss Hudspeth as 'Tilda Price,' Miss Edith Stuart  
as 'Kate Nickleby,' and Miss Lydia Foote as 'Smike.'

M. PITRON will open the Opéra Comique at Easter with a  
series of French plays.

MISS FANNY JOSEPHS, it is said, will shortly leave Mrs.  
Bancroft's company.

THE DRESSES for the revival of Mr. Brough's burlesque,  
*Conrad and Medora*, by Miss Litton, at the St. James's, at  
Easter, will be from designs by Mr. Wallis Mackay.

WE regret to hear of the death of Mr. C. H. Peveril, late of the  
Royalty Theatre. Mr. Peveril was one of the most rising  
young comedians of the day, and his last engagement was  
with Mrs. Herman Vezin in her recent provincial tour. He  
was lately afflicted with a severe illness; and the *Hornet* states  
that he was burnt to death while in an epileptic fit.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince  
and Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Morton  
and Colonel Teesdale, honoured the performance at this theatre  
on Thursday evening last week.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES, accompanied by the Duke of  
Edinburgh, went to the Monday Popular Concert at St. James's  
Hall this week.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Their Highnesses the Duke and  
Duchess of Teck and suite honoured this theatre with their  
presence on Monday evening, and witnessed H. J. Byron's  
comedy *Our Boys*, and the farce of *A Regular Fix*.

THE ALHAMBRA.—Mr. Cave, of the Marylebone Theatre, has  
been appointed manager of the stage department of the Royal  
Alhambra, in succession to Mr. Baum, who will quit the post  
he now holds on the 1st prox.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream* will be given for the first time  
at the Gaiety matinee to-day.

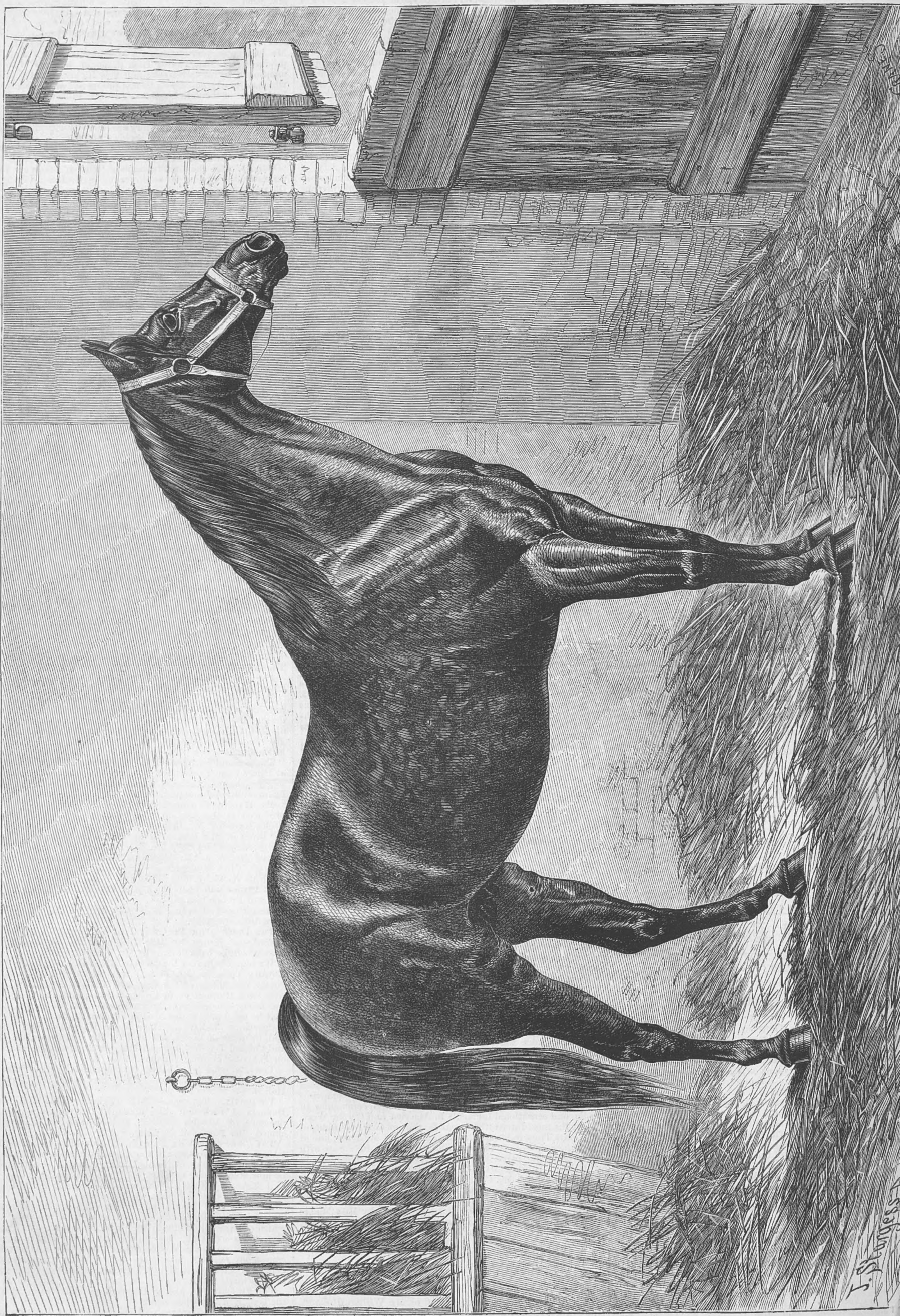
AT HENGLER'S CIRQUE the performances, on Monday and  
Tuesday next, will be for the benefit of "Little Sandy," on  
which occasions, in addition to the various other attractions,  
Mrs. Sandy will make her appearance on her highly-trained  
horse Pirteen. On Wednesday a grand day and evening  
equestrian fête will take place here for the complimentary  
benefit of Mr. Charles Hengler, when a special programme will  
be presented.

THE DRAMATIC SEASON AT DRURY LANE closes to-night with  
the benefit of Mr. Chatterton.

THE HOLBORN THEATRE will be reopened at Easter under  
the management of Mr. Horace Wigan.

*John Bull* will be revived at the Gaiety next Saturday even-  
ing, with Mr. Phelps as 'Job Thornbury.'









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SKETCHES AT CROYDON STEEPLECHASES.



## Music.

Music intended for notice in the *Monthly Review of New Music*, on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

MR. GYE has issued his prospectus, and we learn that the Royal Italian Opera Season will commence on Tuesday, March 30, on which occasion Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* will be performed. A better choice could hardly have been made. Not only is this opera the masterpiece of Rossini, but it affords opportunities for the display of those advantages which Covent Garden possesses in respect to *mise-en-scène*. Mr. Gye does not announce any list of operas to be performed during this season, but contents himself, as well he may, with pointing to the long list of operas (forty-seven in all) which form the repertory of the Royal Italian Opera. We hope the old form of operatic prospectus will never reappear. It used to be the practice at the beginning of the season to announce the list of operas to be performed, with the names of the artistes to whom the various rôles would be intrusted. This minute explanation of the details of an ensuing season might be supposed to encourage confidence, as it implied careful consideration and ample preparation; but, in effect, the contrary result arrived; and the public ceased to look on the preliminary announcements of operatic prospectuses as other than highly imaginative works of fiction. In many cases the *impresario* was not blame-worthy for the non-fulfilment of well-meant promises. There are many causes which may prevent the full realisation of the best-grounded expectations in operatic matters. The death, illness, or defection of a prima donna for whom especial operas were to be mounted, the unexpected success of a *débutant* or *débutante* in a particular work, the triumph of a new opera, and many other causes, may necessitate the withdrawal of certain works, or the unexpectedly frequent repetition of others, and may thus upset the calculations made before Easter. One thing is certain—it is a manager's interest to please the public; and when a manager so able as Mr. Gye points to his accumulated stores and undertakes to give us of his best, if we will only leave the choice to him, we feel that we are pretty sure to be well served. Mr. Gye, however, makes the important announcement that "three at least" of the four operas, *Semiramide* (Rossini), *Romeo e Giulietta* (Gounod), *Le Pré aux Clercs* (Hérold), and *Lohengrin* (Wagner), will be performed this season. There can be little doubt that, in the title-character of the first-named opera, Madame Vilda's splendid voice and brilliant vocalisation will be displayed to great advantage; while M. Faure will make light of the difficulties in the florid music assigned to 'Assur.' The cast announced for Gounod's opera is very powerful, the rôle of 'Juliet' being given to Madame Adelina Patti, supported by two such tenors as Nicolini and Bolis, with Faure and Bagagiolo as baritone and bass. This opera contains some charming music, and we hope it will be given. Hérold's bright and melodious opera would be a welcome novelty; but no cast is announced, and we hardly hope to hear it this season. Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been for some time in active rehearsal, and there is no doubt that it will be produced in a style hitherto unparalleled. Costly dresses and appointments are being made by the most famous theatrical costumiers of the continent; and, as a specimen of the lavish outlay incurred, we may mention that the stock of armour belonging to Covent Garden, said to be the finest in the world, and containing 120 complete suits of mail, is to be increased by the addition of 100 new suits. The immense stage of this theatre will afford almost unrivalled opportunities for the display of scenic and choreographic splendours; and besides a little army of mute actors, there will be an immense numerical force of choristers. When, in addition to these points, the cast of the principal characters is examined, it will be seen that Richard Wagner himself might well be gratified with the manner in which his famous work will be presented at the Royal Italian Opera, and can hardly hope for an equally brilliant presentation of his compositions at the model theatre which will next year open, in honour of him, at Bayreuth. 'Elsa' will be intrusted to Mdlle. Albani, whose sympathetic voice and style it will exactly suit, and who has already, in America, gained great distinction in the part. 'Lohengrin' will be represented by Signor Nicolini, who is not only one of the best *tenori di forza* of the present day, but is also the finest operatic actor on the stage. With actors like these in the two chief rôles, and the remaining characters impersonated by Mdlle. D'Angeri, Mdlle. Proch, M. Maurel, and Signor Bagagiolo—and with the certainty that the opera will not be produced until the rehearsals shall have rendered every person concerned in the performance perfect in his or her duties, to the satisfaction of Signor Vianesi—it is clear that *Lohengrin* will be splendidly performed. Its production will be a most important event in the history of art, for reasons which it will be unnecessary to discuss on the present occasion; and we earnestly hope that no unforeseen event may occur to hinder the performance of a work so long and impatiently awaited.

The plan of the operatic campaign at Covent Garden having been unfolded, it remains to inquire what are the qualities of the personnel by whom it will be executed. And one glance at the prospectus will be sufficient to show that never, in the palmiest days of our Italian Opera, was such a galaxy of talent combined. The list contains enough artists for three grand opera houses at least, not merely as regards quantity, but quality; and in view of the musical army gathered together by Mr. Gye, one is tempted to quote the title of Bulwer's novel, and write "What will he do with it?"

First in the list, and equivalent to an army in herself, stands Adelina Patti, who still continues to grace the operatic stage, and to delight the world by the exhibition of vocal and dramatic genius such as never before her advent were seen in combination, and probably never will be equalled hereafter. Our operatic reminiscences extend back to the performances of Malibran, and include all the great artists who have since that time sung here in Italian opera; and we express not only our own opinion, but that of equally experienced observers, when we declare that Adelina Patti surpasses all her predecessors in the charm, power, and versatility of her vocal and histrionic genius, and stands, *au génie*, an artistic phenomenon to be regarded with wonder and delight. The value of her co-operation can hardly be over-estimated.

Mdlle. Albani will also reappear, after a brilliantly successful tour in America. The recent publication of some communications from the American correspondent of a London newspaper, extensively copied by other journals, may have led to the supposition that Mdlle. Albani's engagement with M. Strakosch had been suddenly arrested, in consequence of her ceasing to attract. We are happy to be able to say that Mdlle. Albani's career was one of unbroken and increasing success; and that her stay in America was shortened by two weeks only, and by mutual consent, M. Strakosch being inclined to venture into the Far West with a less expensive prima donna, and Mdlle. Albani being urgently needed in London for the rehearsals of *Lohengrin*. In the rôle of 'Elsa' she made a

great success at New York and other great American cities; and she will be heartily welcomed by the many admirers whom she left in England. Madame Vilda's fine voice and artistic singing will be of great value in dramatic rôles; and Mdlle. D'Angeri will bring her fresh, powerful voice and great dramatic intelligence to the discharge of similar duties. Mdlle. Smeroschi's fine voice will again be heard; Mdlle. Bianchi, one of the best among recent *débutantes*, will reappear; Mesdames Saar, Corsi, Dell'Anese, Cottino, and Pezzotta will fulfil the minor rôles; and the list of *soprani* will be completed by the name of Madame Campobello-Sinico, one of the most deservedly popular of operatic artists, ready, at a moment's notice, to sing, in admirable style, any principal soprano part in the *répertoire*. We shall shortly give a portrait and memoir of this favourite artiste.

The *contralti* will be the two *débutantes* of last season—Mdlles. Ghiotti and Calasch—with the rich-voiced and popular Mdlle. Scalehi.

The *tenori di forza* will be Signori Nicolini, Bolis, Pavani, and Marino; the *tenori leggieri*, Signori Piazza and Bettini; *tenori secondi*, Signori Sabater, Maurel, and Rossi.

The *baritoni* will be Signori Graziani, Maurel, Cotogni, and Faure; the *bassi profondi*, Signori Bagagiolo and Capponi; *bassi comiques*, Signori Ciampi and Tagliafico; *bassi secondi*, Signori Fallar and Raguer.

Such a list of tenors, baritone, and basses has hardly ever been announced in combination.

In addition to the re-engagements above named, five *débuts* will be made. Mdlle. Zaré Thalberg—said to be a niece of the famous pianist—will make her first appearance on any stage, and great expectations are entertained respecting her. Mdlle. Proch, a daughter of the celebrated German composer, has recently sung with great success at Mantua, where Herr Seideman has also been favourably received. Both these artists, in consequence of their success at Mantua, have been engaged for the San Fenice, at Venice, where they are now singing in conjunction with the fifth-named of Mr. Gye's new artists—Signor Tamagno, of whom our Venetian correspondence speaks in high terms. In addition to these five vocal artists, two new *premières danseuses*, Mdlles. Ricci and Travelli, are engaged, in addition to the popular Mdlle. Girod.

The splendid orchestra and chorus and the performances generally will be conducted by Signori Vianesi and Bevigiani. Better conductors could not be found. The place of poor Augustus Harris will be occupied by M. Desplaces. Herr Saar and Signor Lago will be at the pianoforte, Mr. Carrodus will be first violin, Mr. D. Godfrey leader of the military band, Mr. G. H. Betjemann leader of the ballet, Mr. Josiah Pittman organist; Signor Fortunati, prompter; Signor Corsi, chorus-master; Mr. Labhart, decorator; Mr. Garnsey, machinist; Mesdames James, Vallet, and Dubreuil, costumières; and MM. Dawes and Caney, scenic artists.

The Floral Hall concerts will be continued, under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict; and after the first week operas will be performed every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The subscription extends to forty nights, and subscribers are allowed to select any two (or more) of the above-named nights. Mr. Edward Hall, the courteous and obliging box-office keeper, receives applications.

Such are the arrangements of the Royal Italian opera for the 1875 season. They show that Mr. Gye's energy, enterprising spirit, and organising power are undiminished. Next Tuesday week his venture will be launched. Few lovers of art will refuse to join in saying "Bon voyage!"

MR. DUCKER has purchased Arlesienne for 150 gs., and the mare has been sent to France.

AT THE STANDARD during Passion Week the operas of *The Bohemian Girl*, *Sonnambula*, and *Il Trovatore* will be produced with very strong casts; and on Good Friday the oratorio of *The Messiah*, with Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr. George Fox, and Mr. Wilford Morgan as the principal vocalists.

WE REGRET TO HEAR THAT MRS. HOWARD PAUL met with an accident at Nantwich on Tuesday, having fallen down a steep flight of steps and sprained her foot very severely. At the entertainment, the next evening, she apologised to the audience for the fact "that, although they would see a great variety of character, under the circumstances there would be a great similarity of gait." This is just like her!

WE regret to learn that Mrs. Chippendale has had a relapse of the serious illness from which she had sufficiently recovered to enable her to appear for a few evenings at the Court. As perfect rest and absolute cessation from professional duties are enjoined by her medical adviser, this clever comedienne may not, it is feared, be able to appear on the opening of the St. James's Theatre by Miss Litton.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN is paying his farewell visit to Sheffield, previous to his departure for America. He is supported here by Mr. J. F. Cathcart, Miss Rose Coghlan, and members of Mr. L. J. Sefton's company. The following pieces have been performed:—On Monday, *Hamlet*; Tuesday, *Richelieu*; Wednesday, *Richard III.*; Thursday, *Gamster*; Friday, *Lady of Lyons*; and to-night (Saturday), *Macbeth*. The audiences were exceedingly large and fashionable, which may in a great measure be accounted for by the fact that the lectures by the Rev. — Hargroves, B.A., on Literature and the Study of *Hamlet*, in connection with the University extension scheme, have undoubtedly caused an unusual amount of interest in the works of Shakespeare.

The Adelphi Billingtons, with Miss Ellen Meyrick, a very clever young actress, are making a stay in Leicester of twelve nights, bringing with them a selected company, said to be from London. Whether that is so or not, the perfect acting of the good dramas with which Mr. and Mrs. Billington have been so long associated is sufficient to command the warm recognition and patronage which Leicester people generally award to talented people and esteemed favourites.

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (WM. HOGG, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheon always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[ADVT.]

WHITE AND SOUND TEETH are indispensable to personal attraction, and to health and longevity by the proper mastication of food. Rowlands' Odonto, or Pearl Dentifrice, preserves and imparts a pearl-like whiteness to the teeth, eradicates tartar and spots of incipient decay, strengthens the gums, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per box. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—To be had of chemists, 2s. 6d. per box, eight powders. These powders will be found the best remedy for horses' coughs, colds, sore throats, influenza, &c., and, as they are given in a bran mash, will be found the best means of giving medicines and obviating the danger of choking, so liable in giving a ball when horses are suffering from sore throat, &c.—[ADVT.]

AFTER AN EXPERIENCE OF OVER FORTY YEARS, it has been established that there are few instances of defects of the Hair which cannot be arrested, neutralised, or remedied by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, and the favourable effect be seen at once; and though the Hair may have become Grey, Thin, or Faded, it may be Renewed and Restored to all the glossy loveliness of which it is susceptible.—Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

## Sporting Intelligence.

AFTER being twice put off on account of the weather, the Grand Military and Rugby Hunt Steeplechases were brought to a satisfactory termination on Friday and Saturday last, and, considering the fatality that generally attends postponed meetings, the management have much to congratulate themselves upon. Although the frost was very severe on Thursday night, the power of the sun was so great that long before noon the ice-king had beat a retreat, and, but for a slight bone in the ground, the going being rather hard and slippery at the top turn, racing might have commenced at the time appointed. Half an hour's law, however, made all right, and when five out of the half-dozen subscribers to the Veteran Stakes went to the post the hill was covered with coaches and carriages, and there was a very good attendance on the stands and within the inclosures. The chief features of the Grand Military have been so often recounted that there is no need to go again over a more than thrice-told tale; suffice it to say that the third edition of luncheons appeared quite equal to the usual first samples; while the *al fresco* banquets were as largely attended as ever. But, leaving a description of the various brands of sparkling wine, curious dishes, and last, not least, the *toilettes* of the ladies, to the conductor of *Our Van*, who will probably give a full description of the scene, I must proceed at once to the racing, which was of a more exciting character than has been witnessed for years at the gathering. The Veteran Stakes was considered a good thing for Lord Queensberry's Sunbeam, and so it looked as the last fence was approached; but, when fairly over that obstacle, Captain Middleton brought up Beatrice with such a rattle that he caught the Marquis on the post, and Sunbeam, being dead settled, had not a struggle left, and was beaten by a head. The victorious "Bay" was received with rounds of applause; and his plucky opponent came in for a fair share of approbation as well. A better-contested or finer-riden race could not be. After Little Tim had disposed of his brace of opponents for the Farmers' Plate, five weighed out for the Grand Military Gold Cup during the hour held sacred for luncheon on the hill; Jules, with Mr. Willoughby up, being favourite, and Prince George second in demand; but both displaying a decided objection to water, they could not be induced to face the brook; and Lady Sneerwell, Purity, and Petrushio had all the rest of the fun to themselves, in which order they passed the post, many lengths intervening between the trio. The winner was steered by Mr. W. Hope-Johnstone, 7th Hussars, who appears to great advantage over this course. To make up for the uninteresting character of the race for the chief item, a good deal of life was infused into the proceedings when eleven numbers went up for the Open Hunters' Steeplechase. The ubiquitous Lucy was quickly made favourite, and Gazelle was fancied by a great many who follow "Mr. Thomas's" mounts; a third favourite was found in Rambling Kate, and the remainder had few adherents. The race, which was run at a good pace, was reduced to the three favourites half a mile from home, soon after which Lucy fell, and Gazelle came on with the lead to the last fence, where Rambling Kate joined her, and passed her in the run home, having a clear neck to the good as they reached the Stand, where Mr. "Thomas" called on his mare for one effort more, and, by a brilliant bit of horsemanship, snatched the race out of the fire, just about the very hour that his portrait and biography were being published to the world at large in the columns of last week's ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

Mr. Hope Johnstone gained a second victory in the Grand Military Hunt Cup on Fiddle, thus riding the winners of both Cups, a double event which he also carried off, two years ago, on *Revirescat* and *Rescue*. Exciting as had been the contests hitherto, the wind up was the most sensational of all, when Prince Patrick and The Egean raced home locked so close together for the Handicap Plate that the judge was unable to separate them, and a dead heat was the award; their half dozen opponents being left hopelessly in the rear. Let us hope that the last traces of winter disappeared on that eventful evening, for we awoke on Saturday to find it had been raining all night, and we seemed to have been suddenly transported from the arctic to the temperate zone. There was no necessity for allowing time to begin the second day's performances, and as soon after the hour set on the card as the jockeys could be prevailed upon to get up, a *trio* ran for the Yeomanry Hunters' race, which the Marquis of Queensberry won on old Northern Light; the military events were mainly discounted by the previous days' running, and the Open Handicap proved of most interest, nine putting in an appearance. Mr. Dalglish, on Day-break, made the running as fast as he could go to the last fence, when George Holman brought up Master Mowbray and won very easily.

The doings at the clubs and at Tattersall's on Monday were most sensational. Early in the day rumours got abroad that all was not well with Thuringian Prince; indeed, Prince Charlie's half-brother appeared to have passed a very unhappy Saturday, and by no means a peaceful Sabbath, for all the first arrivals at the seats of betting seemed anxious to lay, and down by degrees went the hope of Bedford Lodge until at last 40 to 1 was laid against his winning the Lincolnshire Handicap. He did not long, however, remain at such a knocked-out price, for his opponents suddenly found, to their cost, that they had got hold of the wrong end of the stick, and as quickly he returned into favour, until he left off with the call of everything. Enchanteur II. and Kaiser were, of the others, most fancied; and the Truth gelding, having been somewhat roughly handled down East, found lots of backers at Knightsbridge whenever the layers would offer 100 to 7. Balfie was in request for the Two Thousand, and there were more offers to take 7 to 1 than found operators; for the same race Galopin's stable-companion, Peripatetic, had admirers at 20 to 1. The Derby was not mentioned, nor was the Chester Cup; and the best part of the business transacted was upon the Bristol events, which are now added to the doings of the past. The great feature of the Liverpool Steeplechase betting was the determined advance of Sailor, after his compatriot's victory at Croydon; but we must discuss the Aintree programme further on.

In the meantime, Mr. Frail had summoned all racing England, France, and Ireland to Bristol, where he had provided for their wants a most sumptuous bill of fare; but, for some reason or other over which the popular C.C. could exercise no control, the fields on the first day were miserably small, especially so when the added money is taken into consideration. Glorious weather, however, attracted a large attendance; and the high wind, which prevailed all Monday night, made the going much sounder than had been anticipated. Proceedings commenced with the Badminton Steeplechase, which was thought a good thing for Lopez; but Colonel Byrne's good-looking horse found his conqueror in Banker (late Sackbut), by Oxford out of Dulcimer; and as Oxford is the sire of Lopez's stable-companion, Lady Sneerwell, the winner of the Grand Military Gold Cup last Friday, his stock appear to be possessed of more stamina



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No notice will be taken of inquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

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Yearly	£1 7 0
Half-yearly	14 0
Quarterly	7 0

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## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1875.

It is always some relief to those interested in the result of the University Boat Race to find both crews upon the scene of their final labours, and to form some sort of judgment upon their respective capabilities, unbiassed by the contradictory assertions of rival partisans or the opinions of that experienced body of would-be cognoscenti yclept the waterside talent. Not that the crowds which so diligently dog the steps of the crews from the privacy of their quarters to the accustomed place of embarkation are capable of anything more than a mere superficial judgment; and they have in the end to revert for advice to their favourite tipster, whose universal knowledge in all matters pertaining to sport enables him to take up his prophetic parable on everything, running the gamut of "selection" from horse-racing, through coursing, cricket, and aquatics, down to the humbler region of knurr and spell. But, whatever information we may acquire in our riverside rambles before the "blue" Saturday of the year, it must be admitted that, to all except mere casual spectators and the rowdy element, which has its "outing" along with them, the days devoted to practice are infinitely more interesting and agreeable than that mad five-and-twenty minutes which sees the beginning and end of the "Battle of the Blues." Despite all the talk of "moral certainties" (which, by some perversion of intellect, cannot be perceived until after the decision of the race), there is always the chance of their being upset by twisted rowlocks or the fury of the elements; and, though the irresistible "market movements" do in some degree foreshadow the result, the element of chance cannot quite be overlooked. While we may reckon good judges of horseflesh, perhaps, by hundreds, pundits learned in the science of rowing may be almost counted on the fingers, though the public has been educated to such a degree that it has begun to talk of "catch," "time," and "swing" as familiarly as if aquatic matters had engaged its attention from the cradle.

At Oxford things appear to have gone on smoothly and easily during the entire course of practice, and the favourable results of the system pursued on the banks of the Isis are apparent in the very formidable crew which is bringing its preparation to a close over the metropolitan course. The president of the Dark Blue republic has, while not regardless of the advice of the multitude of experienced counsellors who have rallied round Oxford, been content to take his own line, and after a careful sifting and arrangement of the excellent material at hand, has allowed the various elements time to settle down, undisturbed by changes and unharassed by those fancy measures which have exercised such baleful influences upon the crews of former years. The floods have sadly interfered with coaching from the bank; but the excellence of the tuition imparted is manifest in the polished style to which recent crews have been strangers on their arrival at Putney. Neither do they lack strength, whatever nonsense may have been talked and written about "pretty" rowing; and "passengers" of former years will be conspicuous by their absence from this year's ship. In Way they may, perchance, have discovered a second Thorley, whose style and dash in the good old days are traits to be remembered by all true lovers of rowing; and at present we fail to detect any weak point in the boat, while its crew should be fitness personified on the eventful day. They are in good, and above all in practical hands to bring them fit and well to the post; and though the mantle of Morrison may be said not to have fallen on the shoulders of anyone in particular among their band of mentors, yet it is abundantly evident that the art of rowing is not yet forgotten at Oxford, though neglected precepts, and carelessness induced by a long series of triumphs, may have caused it to rest in temporary abeyance.

At Cambridge, over-anxiety to rival the nine successive victories of her rival in former years, seems to have prevailed in aquatic councils; and continual and perplexing changes have been the order of the day during the preparation for and duration of the accustomed period of training. The demoralising effects of such endless "permutations and combinations" cannot well be over-estimated; and we need not wonder at the consequent roughness and lack of finish resulting from the state of things which necessitated constant re-arrangements. Like the sister University, Cambridge has amply utilised the many offers of assistance proffered in so hearty a spirit of sympathy from former oarsmen of renown; and we may rest assured that all has been done with the best intentions, if not on all occasions with the best judgment. Her advisers have had an uphill and thankless task, but it has been undertaken in that chivalrous spirit which has been a distinguishing feature

of everything connected with the University Boat Race from its earliest years. The last week in London will probably serve Cambridge better than her opponents; but polish and elegance are not matters of a few days, and if the Light Blue is once more to show in front at Mortlake it will be owing more to strength than form, the deficiency in which is painfully apparent. Much unpardonable trash has been written concerning the inherent difference of style of the sister Universities; and certain aquatic touts have descanted on the "old Oxford swing," as if it was unattainable on the waters of the Cam, which are supposed to favour a more "meretricious" style. The results of the last five years are scarcely favourable to this theory; and victory has undeviatingly rested with that side which, commencing with a strict adherence to the acknowledged principles of rowing, has brought the all important requisites of strength and condition to bear upon the result, regardless of any "traditions" vulgarly supposed to attach to the separate rivers of the rival seats of learning.

A rupture of the *entente cordiale* which has hitherto so happily subsisted between the two Universities has been attempted by certain agitators, who have exhumed and resuscitated the old *vetusta questio* of qualifications to row and their limitations. If any objection is to be raised by either party, its method and form can very well be left to those most interested in the race to decide; and, seeing that harmony has so long prevailed between the sons of Isis and Granta, it would seem the height of bad taste for mere outsiders to cast the apple of discord in their midst. We do not wish to see the race brought down to the level of a Bromley selling plate, with its inevitable objections and disqualifications, and we opine that the Universities are quite equal to taking care of themselves in guarding against any advantage attempted to be taken by their adversaries. Experience is, of course, an excellent thing; but our faith in "old oars" is not so strong as in a crew of tyros, who have encountered neither the exaltation of victory nor the humiliation of defeat. A man who has "gone down" for the purpose of entering upon the business of life is likely to be lacking in the ardour, spirit, and elasticity of a youngster fresh to his work, and living a life more conducive to the exigencies of training. However, we need be under no apprehension of the mutual good understanding between the Universities being endangered by such mischievous suggestions, proceeding, apparently, from some of those counter-jumpers who are always anxious to rush into print on these occasions. Honour and chivalry have been such leading characteristics in the conduct of these races from their commencement, and they stand so conspicuously out as examples of what such contests should be, that we are jealous of the slightest infringement of the charter; and we would emphatically resent the interference of those charlatans whose sole idea in connection with the Boat Race is the state of the odds.

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

## CHAPTER XXX.

My chief, Wellington, upon whose personal staff I had the good fortune to serve for three years, was so thorough a fox-hunter that he never allowed heat, wet, or cold to interfere with the sport; and during the Peninsular campaign and the occupation of France by the allied armies his Grace kept a pack of fox-hounds at head-quarters. His object was not alone to enliven the leisure hours of himself and his officers during the monotony of winter quarters, but to encourage a manly and invigorating amusement, and he often quoted cases to prove the advantage of field sports. An anecdote mentioned by his Grace will fully justify his opinions, and at the same time do honour to the self-sacrifice of a gallant soldier. During the Peninsular War the late Colonel Felton Hervey, of the 14th (called the "fighting fourteenth") Light Dragoons, who had lost an arm when in pursuit of the enemy flying from Oporto, always mounted himself and his orderly upon English hunters, so as to ensure their safety should they at any time be unexpectedly surrounded. Upon one occasion, when reconnoitring, he rode up by mistake to a small body of French cavalry, who, fortunately for the British officer, were dismounted, and were busily employed in cooking their rations. No sooner was the Colonel discovered and his rank recognised than an order to mount was given. Hervey and his orderly, finding the odds greatly against them, lost no time in returning to their lines. The French hussars were quickly in their saddles, for the prize was worth gaining, and, amidst wild shouts, gave chase to their flying foes. The noise attracted the attention of a body of French lancers, who, being nearer the English lines, joined in the pursuit. The clang of the horses' hoofs sounded like a death knell to the two brave soldiers—"Your only chance," said the faithful orderly, "is to make for that ravine." Hervey followed the injunction. The ravine was narrow with only space for one horse to enter. On looking round, a terrible sight presented itself. The gallant trooper, knowing that his colonel's life could only be saved by the sacrifice of his own, had placed himself across the narrow opening, and nobly fell under sword and lance; a practical exemplification of His words, who said "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

As another instance of the value of a good horse, I will recount the memorable escape of one of the Duke's staff, Colonel Waters. The Colonel, who belonged to the Adjutant-General's department, also held the important office of earth-stopper to the head-quarter hounds, and in this capacity I fancy that Wellington valued him more than in the former, if I may judge from a passage in a letter to General Stewart:—"Goodman is now doing the duty of the office, poor Waters being very ill. Goodman does the business remarkably well, but I hope we shall soon have Waters again, particularly as the hunting season is coming on apace. The hounds are on the road, and I shall want Waters for the earth-stopping business, if not for that of the Adjutant-General's. He has been very near dying, poor fellow; and, what is worse, I hear he has lost all his dogs, including Sevilla. Colonel Waters was taken prisoner on April 3, 1811." He had crossed the Coa, and, while watching the enemy through a glass, was, in consequence of the fog, pounced upon by four Hussars. When Wellington heard of his capture his reply was—"Ah! they've caught him, but they won't keep him long;" and the prophecy, which showed how well Wellington knew the characters of those under him, was fulfilled, for, on the 13th of the same month, the Colonel made his escape and joined the army. He, upon falling into the enemy's hands, was first brought before Massena, who cross-questioned him very closely concerning Wellington's movements and intentions, but got nothing

satisfactory out of him. The Marshal then offered him his parole, which Waters declined to accept. He was allowed, however, to retain his famous old charger, the Bittern, and under a cavalry escort was marched a close prisoner to Ciudad Rodrigo. On reaching this town, he happened to be quartered, or rather confined, in the room of a house, the proprietor of which he had formerly known. He seized an opportunity, and requested the Spaniard to get the rowels of his spurs sharpened, which was accomplished without the suspicion of those who guarded him. Soon after this, he was conducted from Ciudad Rodrigo on his way to Salamanca, between two *gendarmes*. While thus situated, at the head or one column of infantry and in the rear of another, one of the *gendarmes* halted, and dismounted to tighten his horse's girths, when Waters also obligingly pulled up his charger, apparently to wait for him; but at the same time, turning his mare's head towards the large wood which skirted the road, he plunged the spurs in his steed's side. She bounded forward clearing all difficulties, and in the full gallop of a well-bred English hunter bade adieu to all followers and defiance to all obstacles. Although instant chase was given, and shots fired after the fugitive, he gained the wood, adroitly threaded its intricacies, and escaped in broad daylight from his cavalry escort and the columns of French infantry. While congratulating himself on his safety, the head of a column of the enemy marching to the rear showed itself. Waters immediately struck off across the country in the direction of a mill, which stood on the top of a hill. A word to the miller was enough; the Colonel dismounted; the miller hid him under his sacks; the horse was concealed in a thicket hard by. The French troopers, who arrived shortly after, were assured that the fugitive had taken a road through the wood, and must by this time be miles away. In that mill Waters remained covered up till the whole French army passed, and then shortly afterwards presented himself at head-quarters.

During the autumn and winter of 1814, previous to our departure for Vienna, Wellington hunted at least once a week with the Royal staghounds, and as he had an excellent stud of hunters, he kindly mounted me whenever he took part in the chase. Our first place of meeting was the Bois de Boulogne, where the "Iron Duke" met his old adversary, Marshal Ney, in friendly intercourse by the cover's side. What extraordinary events occurred between the meet at the Bois de Boulogne on Aug. 27, 1814, and the meeting on the plains of Waterloo on June 18, 1815! How much happened in that interval? But history has recorded all. Suffice it to say, that although the hunt was attended by Louis XVIII., the Dukes de Berri and d'Angoulême, and all the nobles and sporting men of Paris, the great object of attention that day was to witness the two rival Generals riding side by side in amicable converse. Rambouillet was our next rendezvous, where for the first time Wellington adopted the French hunting-costume—gold laced coats, *couteau de chasse*, cocked hat, and jack-boots. Never shall I forget the smile that beamed upon his countenance, when he looked at himself in the glass, and turning to me said, "William, what would they say of me in England? I should not dare to appear on the Fifth of November, or they would surely take me for a Guy Faux." No one enjoyed a joke more than my illustrious chief, and I will relate one that caused him much merriment. Upon reaching Paris the Duke engaged a Monsieur Galley to instruct me in French. This worthy teacher was a great admirer of Racine and Corneille, and was constantly in the habit of spouting from their works. One morning, when the hounds were to meet at Chantilly, the Duke inquired at what hour I was to take my French lesson. I replied, at nine, but that I had prepared it overnight. "In that case," said he, "you may come with me; get ready at once." Off I ran to my room, was soon booted and spurred, and then sat down to indite a few doggerel lines to my French master, who had always expressed himself delighted at any attempt at poetry. They ran as follows:—

Je n'ai rien à vous dire, mon cher Monsieur Galley,  
Que je vais à la chasse, et vous pouvez en aller.

To which I added a translation:—

Excuse these few lines, to the chase forth I sally;  
So I wish you good morning, my dear Monsieur Galley;  
With Phedra, Medea, I can no longer dally.  
Here's success to the chase. "Tally ho!" Monsieur Galley.

Just as I had finished the lines the Duke entered the room, and as I was about to give them to my servant to deliver to Monsieur Galley his Grace asked what I had written. I handed him the paper, when he laughed so heartily that he quite forgot the disrespect I had shown my French master.

Another adventure connected with the hunting-field must be recorded, as it reflects so much credit on the Duke's goodness of heart. One morning, late in November, the curricule was at the door, and I, equipped for the chase, was waiting to accompany Wellington to Versailles, when he sent for me. "I shall not be able to go to-day," said he; but you can have the curricule. Tell the Royal Dukes I have some letters to write, as the messenger starts for England at two o'clock, which will prevent my meeting their Royal Highnesses. Elmore is sent on for me, and as he is short of work you had better ride him; don't knock him about." I briefly expressed my thanks and started for the rendezvous, where I delivered my message and mounted the far-famed hunter Elmore, recently purchased in England for the Duke at a high price. From the manner in which he carried me many of the field were anxious to possess him; indeed, it was hinted to me that his Grace could command almost any sum for him. After the hunt a party of young men proposed that we should gallop home across the country, and had the horse been mine I should have gladly joined them, but I remembered Wellington's injunctions and declined. Delighted with the character the new purchase had obtained, I started to ride quietly home by myself, and when within half a league of Paris, in crossing a small grip, I found that my horse went lame. To dismount and inspect his foot was the work of a moment, but I could see nothing. No alternative then was left me but to lead the limping animal home, which I did, amidst the taunts and jeers of the rabble. No sooner had I reached the stables than I sent for the stud-groom and the Duke's state coachman, to whom I explained all that had occurred. "Well, you have gone and done it," said the latter, who was a most eccentric character. "We would not have taken 200 gs. for that horse." Happily the Duke, who had been engaged all day, was out riding, so I did not see him until we met at dinner. As a large party had assembled, little was said about the hunt until the ladies had retired, when I was asked to describe the run, which I did. I then mentioned the brilliant manner Elmore had gone, and the pangeyries he had received from all. "A splendid animal," said my chief; "I hope to ride him next Monday at Fontainebleau." My heart quailed within me on driving the Duke in his cabriolet to a party that evening; so distracted was I, that I grazed the kerbstone, frightened an old barrow-woman nearly out of her wits, and was within an inch of knocking over one of the *gens-d'armes* in the street. "I am afraid you are quite knocked up," said Wellington, as, seated by his side, I drove him home. My only answer



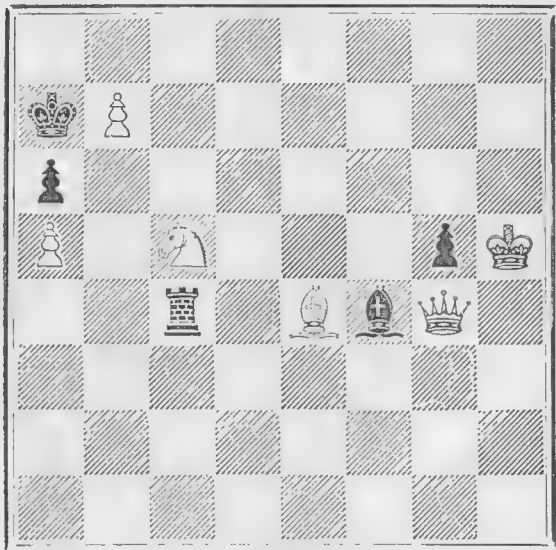
was a deep sigh; then, making a sudden resolution, I "screwed my courage to the sticking place," and told the whole of my day's adventure. "Can't be helped," said he, in his usual quick manner. "I hope it's not as bad as you think." The tone in which these words were spoken partly restored me to comfort. Early the following morning I proceeded to the stable, and to my dismay found that my worst fears were realised—the horse was dead lame. After breakfast I was summoned into the Duke's presence. "My groom tells me," said he, "that Elmore must be blistered and turned out." I quaked in my shoes, for, in addition to my annoyance at having been the cause of so much mischief, I thought to myself that my hunting days were over. "I've heard all particulars; you're not to blame (the Duke had been informed of my declining to gallop home). "But, as I can't afford to run the chance of losing all my best horses (the climax was coming, thought I; no more hunting), in future you shall have the brown horse and the old chestnut, and if you knock them up you must mount yourself."

Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 44.

By Mr. F. STOCKEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B., WALTER S., I. M. B., QUINTIN, PETER, and J. JONES.—The solutions received are correct.

WALTER S.—The rule says that in Castling the King must not pass over a square guarded by an adverse man; but this does not apply to the Rook. Thus you may Castle on the Queen side although there is an adverse Knight at Q R 6th.

A. W. P.—The problem sent is surely a very old acquaintance.

J. J.—In your proposed solution you overlook that Black can play 2. K to Q 2nd.

FANFAN.—The diagrams with adhesive pieces may be obtained from De la Rue and Co.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following Game was played in the Handicap of the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. Potter and Stow, the former giving the odds of the King's Knight.

[CENTRE GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	15. B to Q B 4	Kt to K B 4
2. P to Q 4	P takes P	16. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
3. B to Q B 4	Kt to Q B 3	17. Q takes P	B to K 3
4. Castles	Kt to K B 3	18. P to Q Kt 4	R to K sq
5. P to Q B 3	P to Q 4	19. B to K R 4	K to B sq
6. K P takes P	Kt takes P	20. B to K Kt 3	Q to Q sq
7. R to K sq (ch)	Q Kt to K 2 (a)	21. B takes Kt	B takes B
8. R to K Kt 5	Q to Q 3	22. R takes R	Q takes R
9. Kt to Q 2	B to K 3	23. Q to K B 4	Q to Q sq
10. B to Q Kt 5 (ch) (b)	P to Q B 3	24. R to K sq	B to K 2 (d)
11. Kt to K 4	Q to Q B 2	25. Q to Q Kt 8 (ch)	K to Q 2
12. P to Q B 4	Kt to Q Kt 3	26. Q takes Kt P (ch)	K to K sq
13. P to Q B 5 (c)	K Kt to Q 4	27. B to Q B 7	
14. Kt to Q 6 (ch)	K to Q 2		and Black resigned.

NOTES.

(a) Had he interposed either of the Bishops, White would, curiously enough, have won a piece by 8. Q to K R 5.

(b) A check by no means useless, as it brings on the adverse Q B P, which prevents the Black Queen from retiring to Q Kt 3 when attacked by the Knight.

(c) All this is very ingenious.

(d) He might have averted the immediate catastrophe by 24. B to K 3; but in that case he would have had a very bad game, besides losing all the Pawns on his Queen's flank. The whole of this little game is admirably managed by Mr. Potter.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY MATCH.—We hear that the annual match between the chess clubs of Oxford and Cambridge will take place this year on the evening before the boat-race, at the Guildhall Tavern. The two teams will again be the guests of the City of London Chess Club.

THE CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.—The contest for the first and second prizes in the long-pending handicap tournament of this club now rests between Messrs. Potter and Maus, each of whom has won one game. Mr. Potter is handicapped to give his opponent the odds of the Knight.

DEATH OF DR. GRAY.—The late keeper of the Zoological Department of the British Museum, Dr. Gray, died at his London residence on Sunday morning, at the age of 75.

THE VICTORIA ST. LEGER.—The following telegram has been received through Greville's Australian Telegram Company; Melbourne, March 6, 4 p.m.:—Melbourne (winner of the Victorian Derby in October last) won the Victorian St. Leger to-day.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—There was a good meeting at Preston, on Saturday, when an optional sweepstakes and some £1 events were decided. The optional at five birds each was won by Mr. G. Beard killing all his birds and defeating eight competitors. The chief winners of the £1 sweepstakes were Mr. Carrington, Mr. Clifton, Mr. Ebdon, Mr. S. Beard, and Mr. J. H. Beard. The weather was fine, but there was a strong wind blowing with the birds, which caused them to dart off with great rapidity. The sport will be continued on the 13th and 20th inst., but on the following Saturday there will be no meeting, owing to the commencement of the Gun Club season. On Easter Monday and Tuesday large fields are expected at Preston to shoot for the five free prizes, and to attend the fancy ball.

Whist.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND.

THE subjoined Hand occurred in actual play, and furnishes another illustration of "how not to do it." A is guilty of the inexcusable blunder of leading from a "singleton," and thus throws away an easily won game.

The players are supposed to sit round the table in the order given below, A and B being partners against X and Z. The index (♣) denotes the card led, and the asterisk indicates the one that wins the trick.

Score—3 all.

X turns up the Six of Spades.

THE HANDS.

A'S HAND.

Spades —10, 9, 8, 7.  
Clubs —8.  
Diamonds—Ace, Queen, Knave, 10.  
Hearts —Ace, 10, 9, 4.

X'S HAND.

Spades —6, 5.  
Clubs —Knave, 9, 5.  
Diamonds—7, 6, 5, 2.  
Hearts —6, 5, 3, 2.

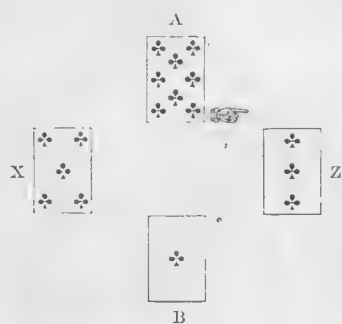
Z'S HAND.

Spades —Ace, Knave, 3, 2.  
Clubs —King, Queen, 10, 6, 3.  
Diamonds—4, 3.  
Hearts —8, 7.

B'S HAND.

Spades —King, Queen, 4.  
Clubs —Ace, 7, 4, 2.  
Diamonds—King, 9, 8.  
Hearts —King, Queen, Knave.

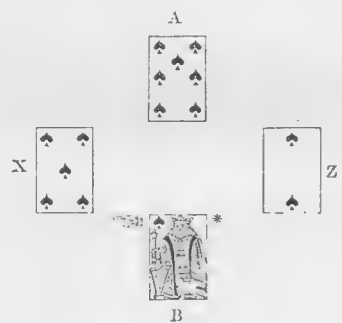
TRICK 1.



TRICK 1.—A B, 1; X, Z, 0.

Nothing can be worse than this "old school" lead from a singleton. Had A opened his Diamond or even his Heart suit, the game would have been easily won.

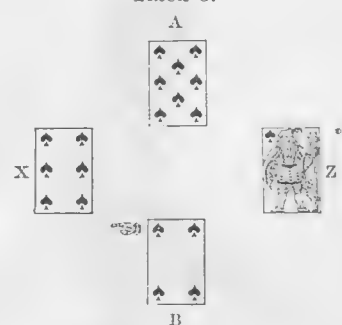
TRICK 2.



TRICK 2.—A B, 2; X Z, 0.

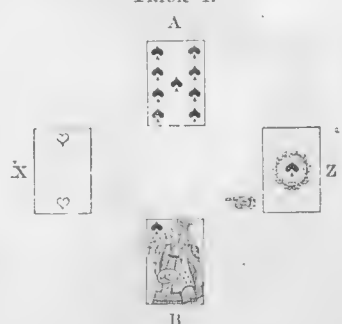
B naturally supposes his partner's lead to be from strength, probably from King, Knave, 10, 9, 8, and, being guarded himself in the other two suits, proceeds to draw the Trumps, to enable his partner to bring in his Clubs. Z, having Ace, Knave, and two small Trumps, passes the King in the hope that B will continue the suit.

TRICK 3.



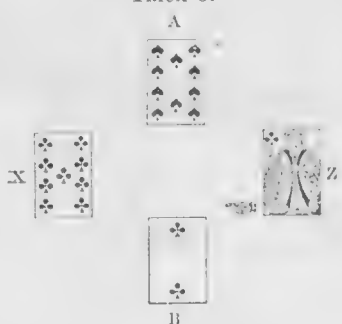
TRICK 3.—A B, 2; X Z, 1.

TRICK 4.



TRICK 4.—A B, 2; X Z, 2.

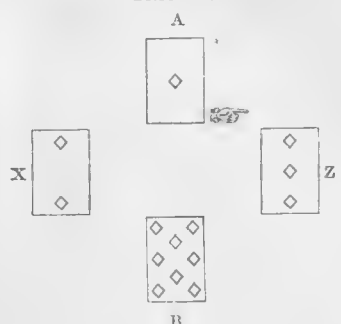
TRICK 5.



TRICK 5.—A B, 3; X Z, 2.

Z now obtains the "first force."

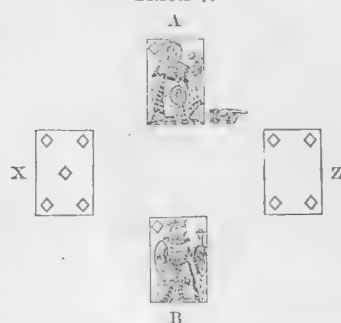
TRICK 6.



TRICK 6.—A B, 4; X Z, 2.

A opens his strongest suit.

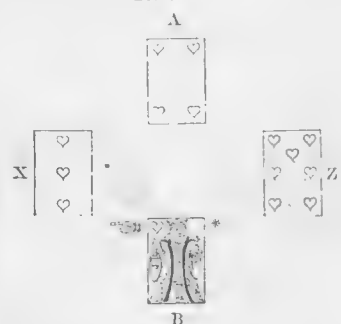
TRICK 7.



TRICK 7.—A B, 5; X Z, 2.

B, knowing that his partner must hold the Knave of Diamonds, as he led Ace and Queen, properly takes with the King, for fear of stopping his partner's suit, and returns the lead.

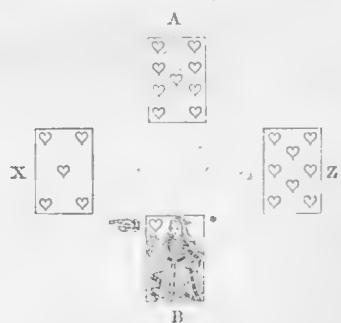
TRICK 8.



TRICK 8.—A B, 6; X Z, 2.

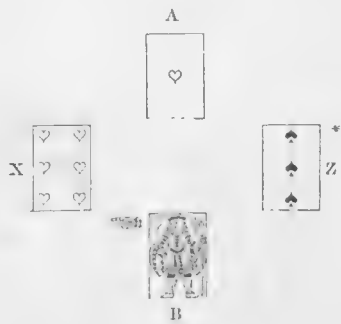
B opens his Hearts in preference to continuing the Diamonds.

TRICK 9.



TRICK 9.—A B, 7; X Z, 2.

TRICK 10.



TRICK 10.—A B, 7; X Z, 3.

TRICKS 11, 12, and 13.—Z leads the three winning Clubs, and Z X save the game.

Score 4 all.

A MONUMENT to Aimée Desclée, the celebrated actress, was inaugurated on Tuesday at Père-la-Chaise. The monument is a small pyramid of Burgundy stone, bearing on one side the words, "Frou-Frou," "Marceline," "La Visite des Noces," "La Princesse Georges," "La Gueule de Loup," "La Femme de Claude;" and on the other the inscription, "Aimée Desclée, 18 Novembre, 1836, 9 Mars, 1874," being the dates of her birth and death.

THE GOUGH MEMORIAL.—At a recent meeting, held at the Mansion House, Dublin—the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor in the chair—of the committee for having erected in Dublin the equestrian memorial to the late Field-Marshal Viscount Gough, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., it was resolved that, in conjunction with the executors of the late John H. Foley, Esq., the three artists—Mr. Brock, Mr. Birch, and Mr. Dewick—named in Mr. Foley's will to complete his unfinished works, be authorised to perfect and erect, as soon as possible, the Gough equestrian memorial; Mr. G. F. Teniswood, the acting executor of the said John H. Foley, having undertaken to have the same finished and erected within two years from this date, upon the terms agreed to with the late Mr. Foley. And it was further resolved that Edward Cane and Samuel Frederick Adair, Esqs., having agreed to act as trustees of the fund for erecting such memorial, in the room of the late Sir Maziere Brady, Bart., and the Right Hon. Abraham Brewster, the Right Hon. Lord Strathnairn and Sir Joseph Napier, Bart., the surviving trustees of such fund, be requested to have the same transferred to their names, in conjunction with those of the newly-appointed trustees.





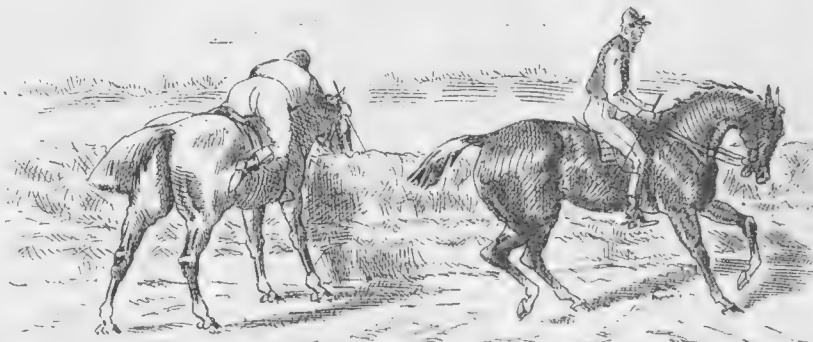
HUNTING SKETCHES. A CONTRAST



# AN AMATEUR STEEPLECHASE



*The Start*



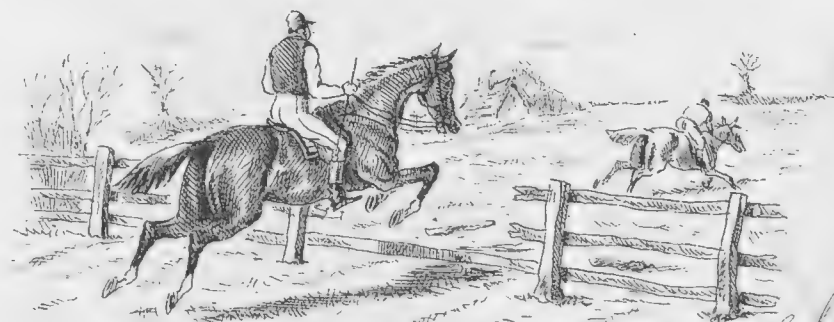
*The first fence*



*The Brook*



*Over the open*



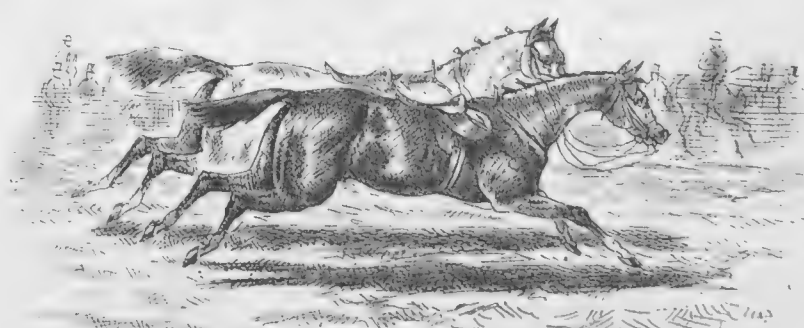
*The Post & Rails*



*The small hedge*



*The last fence*



*The Finish*



## ART CYNICS.

Who are they? Reader, they form a portion of the general public (you may be one). That is *one* class. The second class is to be found among a large body of professional polemics, vulgarly known as critics. Cynicism is the great feature of this age. Man, in his unceasing struggle for better things and for new experiences, often stumbles upon foolish phantoms, which he imagines for a time to be great truths or great principles. The great modern idea of manly virtue is cynicism. Cynicism, real or affected, has become the great bane of the age; but I am so far from being cynical myself as to believe that by far the greater amount of modern cynicism is affected, the result of a desire to be in the fashion and habit of the times. Cynicism has come to be considered an outward sign of experience, and to appear *blasé* and "used up" is supposed to convey the notion that we have seen a great deal of the world and humanity, and have concluded that it is all vanity and vexation of spirit. Such conclusions are the essence of cynical wisdom. This is all very comfortable, no doubt, to the egotistical disciples of the school of cynics; but it has many baneful effects upon society in general. In this paper, however, we only propose to treat of the effects of cynicism upon art.

Young boys, with carefully curled moustaches and obnoxious eye-glasses, read books a little, smoke a great deal, swagger round the picture-galleries; and lounge in the stalls of the theatres. Their opinions upon any branch of art are equally incomprehensible, and tend only to show that there is nothing worth reading or seeing. They think it sounds grand and critical to sneer down everything. A book written with feeling they denounce as "gushy" and "twaddly." The least breath of true sentiment in a play is hailed by an audible "Demmed absurd, by Jove!" They think it grand to say they don't believe in God, or in Love, or in anything that is Divine or natural. But all this is generally foolish affectation. They will read the twaddly books in secret; they, perhaps, don't go to that "demmed absurd" play again for fear of being seen by cynical acquaintances.

How absurd it is to hear fellows who never think out or study human nature, or even apply themselves seriously to anything, talking as if they knew all about the first cause and the mysteries of the universe. They pooh-pooh Love, and not one of them knows what it is. They pretend to pooh-pooh God, and not one of them has the least idea of *true* religion. Now, though this is generally all brag and display at first, it ultimately grows into a habit in time; and the young egotist, who begins by sneering at what he calls the folly of love and marriage, ends by actually believing that it is absurd to imagine that virtue can exist in the bosom of a ballet-girl or a milliner, or any woman who is not conventionally known as a *lady*. He who commences by disbelieving in the sensitiveness and enthusiasm of artists, and in the genuineness of passion and feeling in art, will end by disbelieving the sincerity of emotions in real life.

It is painful to hear these conceited idiots talking about art or artistes, especially lady artistes; it is painful to hear them talk about women at all. They pass cynical opinions upon things they know nothing about. Do these dissolute beings, who spend all the period of their late boyhood and early manhood in *low company*, imagine for a moment that they know what a true woman is? They believe that a *lady of society* is a true woman because conventionalism tells them so, and they treat her, accordingly, with a patronising respect. It is not necessary to look to so-called ladies of society to find types of true womanhood. Far more genuine types of refined womanhood are to be found among the artistes of the stages in the ranks of ballet, and among those humble classes of female life who work honourably for their living, from milliner, and barmaids to factory girls.

Undoubtedly our modern stage has suffered from the prevailing spirit of cynicism—all real feeling and true human nature has been tabooed, and everything hearty and genuine sneered down as vulgar and unrefined. The great modern god is Mammon, and the great modern religion is conventionalism. Mr. Affable Slander is quite right when he holds up half a crown, and says, "Here lies modern honour; chivalry has shrivelled into that. Shall I tell you why plays succeed which have scoundrels for their heroes? It is because the spectator is flattered, and says to himself as he goes away, 'Come, come! Hang it! after all, I'm not such a scamp as he is.'"

We believe, however, implicitly that in these enlightened days the welfare of art is safe in the hands of the People, with the large P.

Art is eternal, and can afford to wait till it be properly understood; but artistes are mortal, and highly sensitive, and they suffer thereby from the unjust opinions of cynical playgoers and the ridiculous incompetence of pseudo-critics.

The "art cynics" of society choose to regard artistes as immoral chiefly because they find that by nature and habits they are beings entirely unconventional and unsophisticated. Cynical critics, instead of being, as critics should be, the *true* friends, and supporters of art and artistes, merely give vent in their writings to their own egoism; never think out the matter they may be treating upon, nor endeavour to ascertain if they are writing justly or fairly. They use no discrimination nor fair judgment, and never manage to notice or point out the difference between a real artiste and a person who is a disgrace to the profession. Nasty innuendos and unkind things are written of ladies, and "spicy" touches worked in to give, as they think, a racy effect. Provincial papers especially delight in a bit of sensational gossip concerning theatrical people, true or untrue. From the general tone of some written criticisms, one is almost led to imagine that artistes as a body are a set of immoral wretches, bent upon demoralising the public. They are talked of as if they were beings capable of any moral atrocity, instead of being, as they are, earnest workers in the cause of art bent solely upon the edification and amusement of the public. These attempts to drag into dramatic criticisms sensational discussions as to the morality of artistes are highly reprehensible; neither the critics nor the public have any right to pry into the private lives or habits of artistes, or to criticise them in any but their professional capacity.

One of the latest freaks of these would-be champions of stage morality has been to persistently write down *opéra-bouffe* and all forms of light entertainment. Because vice has been allowed to taint the stage, because millionaire libertines, unscrupulous pseudo-managers, and amateur meddlers in theatrical affairs have introduced upon the stage a host of barefaced hussies, who give their services for the sake of the advertisement and who wish for an opportunity to show themselves off and to dispel the *ennui* of their wretched lives by a little novel excitement;—because all this has been done, in the only class of entertainment in which it could be done, still that is no reason for denouncing every form of light spectacular performance.

Spectacular pieces are the only class of stage plays in which nobodies may get a chance to swagger about on the boards, and even then if there be any evolutions to go through they are no use. Ladies who drive to the stage door in broughams, surrounded by a crowd of *blasé* admirers, are not likely to pay much attention to any business but that of displaying them-

selves and ogling the male occupants of the stall. If art became the means of redeeming from a life of degradation these sad beings who have "many protectors but no friends," one would tolerate their presence; but, alas, they come only to degrade art, and not in any way looking to earnest work as a means of elevating their debased natures and earning an honourable livelihood. Some noble women have found art the means of their salvation, and have risen from the "slough of despond" purified and worthy of all honour. It is a low standard of morality that refuses to lend a helping hand to those eager to atone for the past. Such heartless bigotry is not in accordance with divine inspiration, nor worthy of any beings professing to believe the sublime teachings of Christ.

A great deal of unnecessary twaddle has been written about the unintellectual condition of the stage; that it is ignored by the intellectual people and by the classical critics of literature and art; that it has come to be associated with sporting literature, &c., though why this last idea should be objectionable I cannot quite see. Sport is a national thing with us, and I am sure the literature of sport in England is of a very high order, coming, as it does, from many eminent pens past and present.

The fact of the case is this: the ignoring of the stage by the so-called intellectual portion of the community is nothing more or less than affectation. Snobbish pedantry has a great attraction for the average Englishman; he does not dislike a display of learning in others and is very anxious to *appear* very learned himself. He learns every language but his own; he crams for degrees and scholarships; he reads prosy, long-winded reviews and interlards his conversation with Latin quotations. He attends classical concerts which he does not understand and secretly detests. (I do not mean to say that there are not many real amateurs who do really appreciate them; but, undoubtedly, there is a great deal of affectation in the matter.) But he not only likes to appear learned, he also delights to be in the fashion. His learned oracles tell him the drama is beneath his notice as a man of brain and consequence. Fashion tells him he *must* hear Italian operas (English opera is an absurdity), and Fashion is not sorry to have a little learned authority for her whims and vagaries, and she agrees to ignore all dramatic entertainment but *Italian* opera. We have no prejudice against Italian opera (we should like to see English opera encouraged), but surely one need not necessarily ignore the drama in order to enjoy the opera?

Now the classical critics, being a body of cynical pedants, have taken up the course of ignoring the modern school of drama and histrionics, simply and solely because it does not agree and fall in with their antiquated notions of stage art and dramatic propriety. I am not sorry to see the recent *Shakespearean* reaction, because Shakespeare is *natural* and *true*, as well as classical; but I tremble lest any attempt be made to revive any of the "good old plays of the Augustan age." It is bad enough to be obliged to sit out those pseudo-classical plays *The Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu* without any further infliction.

The modern school, recognised and appreciated by all hearty and genuine playgoers, looks first to human nature; it strives to present nature naturally as well as artistically. This is what Shakespeare did; but *now* Shakespeare's style and form are obsolete.

Classical critics are never satisfied unless a play be heavy and pompous and *scholarly*; it must have a kind of ponderous calf-bound air, like musty volumes of a dry library: anything bright or natural or *simple* offends these crusty cynics. Well! now that they have at last got Shakespeare on the modern stage, like peevish, fretful cynics, as they are, they won't have it. They quarrel with Mr. Irving because he represents 'Hamlet' as Shakespeare intended and not as Shakespeare's critics desire him to be represented. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is revived at the Gaiety, and cynical pruders quarrel with the indecency of that play. Shakespeare indecent! what a monstrous notion; he spoke plain English and wrote the rude, coarse humour natural to his time. If he had written all his *plain meanings* in French, and called all things by any names but their natural ones, he would have been perfectly pure. Such petty nonsense only serves to show the false refinement, the moral affectation, and the heartless cynicism of this terribly venerated and conventional age. If I call a bad woman by her real title I offend the "check of innocence;" if I call her a "lorette," or a "courtesan," or a "cocotte," the check of innocence will blush a little and say I write naughtily, but very delicately. Those critics who did not dare to expose gross indecencies and advertising "cocottes," until the public took the matter in hand, need not, I think, take the trouble to write nonsense about the indecency of Shakespeare. Happily, the welfare of the British stage is not in the hands of the "art cynics" or the 'Podsnaps' of the age. No; it is in the hands of the People (a power for good in a free and enlightened country)—the vast body of human beings who exercise their faculties in a healthy manner. It is not the fusty scholar, with a narrow, cramped mind, nor the super-fine, fashionable worshipper of an effete and lackadaisical society, who can really appreciate the beauties of true art. The essence of art is liberalism: it is a refining spirit that elevates and idealises all. The true poet can never be a bigot. Natural, hearty men and women of feeling are the only ones who can really enjoy art and appreciate the true worth and character of artistes.

In conclusion, I would give a few words of warning to artistes, managers, and real lovers of art. Don't set too much value on this sudden reaction in favour of so-called legitimate drama. It will not last. Blank verse, long speeches, and five acts are not for this age. In this hard-working, truth-ruling age false romanticism and superstition are wearisome; but amidst the fever of incessant action man shall find time for love and friendship. The heart of the nation throbs with life and feeling. There is plenty of heroism now; but it is not so noisy as in ages past. When truth and nature appeal directly to the hearts of our active people those hearts will answer. Henceforth pure truth and high nature must be the guiding stars of art. Let due attention still be paid to the lighter forms of entertainment, to ballet and light opera. They are all great arts in their way; but, from their delicate nature, are more in danger of being abused.

The present aspect of dramatic affairs, exclusive of the Shakespearean and legitimate revivals, seems to me very cheering. We have *Society, Home, Les Prés St. Germain, The Two Orphans, The New Magdalen, Awakening, La Périchole, The Bohemian Girl, The Waterman*. It is not the intellectual mind, but the bigoted and cynical mind, that ignores artistic representations such as these. The whole future prosperity of the English stage rests in the development of the true modern school of dramatic literature. We have a few types of this school, the foundation-stones upon which a grand edifice will be raised in time. A literature will spring up that shall present nature and art in their true sister-relations, and then the English stage will have regained its pre-eminence. These few examples are *Caste, School, Ours, New Men and Old Acres, Clancarty, Charles I., Never too Late to Mend, New Magdalen, Pygmalion and Galatea, Two Roses, Coming Home, or Sithers to Grind*. This last is not only an excellently constructed piece,

but in many respects it is a remarkable one. Perhaps its chief point of excellence lies in the fact that *all its dramatic persons are characters*—there are no dummies, no padding. Every personage claims some sympathy from the spectator. 'Ted Bluff' and 'Milly Stammers' are quite idyllic. There is also a natural freshness and real originality about the little play that considerably enhance its intrinsic merits of construction and treatment. One not only feels that the author writes as an artist, not merely covers paper; but that he has the power (so rare now) to *originate* dramatic ideas. The piece has been very successful, both in America and in the provinces; it had not altogether a fair chance in London; but it was thoroughly appreciated by the many disciples of the modern school of dramatic literature.

The authors to whom we must as yet confine our hopes are Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, W. G. Wills, James Albery, G. Ralph Walker, W. S. Gilbert (for fairy plays only), and Henry J. Byron. Mr. Byron, however, will not do much lasting good until he can create real women, and can give us a plot and characters, and something more than verbal fireworks, that frequently exhibit silly inanity rather than humour.

Mr. Gilbert must study human nature, and be more artistic and less obstinately fantastic and pretentious. Moreover, I should certainly advise him, for his own sake, to give up attempting dramatic criticism and writing letters to the papers. Mr. Gilbert's fairy plays are pleasing and amusing; but Mr. Gilbert himself is a most decided bore.

Altogether, I think the only gentlemen who, at present, seem likely to advance our dramatic literature in the future are Mr. James Albery, Mr. G. Ralph Walker, and Mr. A. W. Dubourg.

A new play from the pen of Mr. Albery is about to be produced at the Olympic Theatre. Mr. Albery is a really elegant and artistic writer. The *intellectual* mind that would ignore *Two Roses* is a type of human development that it were better did not exist. Such a mind is merely cramped, perverted, and unhealthy. If we thought for a moment that such minds really had any power in influencing the condition of the stage we would never write another line in favour of English dramatic literature. But the "Art Cynics," social or critical, have no influence whatever save for harm. Had we space at our command we could easily show that these captious pedants are really the cause of that very dearth of intellectuality which they profess to deplore, but make no real efforts to remedy. The real welfare of the English stage is in the hands of that section of the public who will assemble in strong force to greet Mr. Albery's new venture. May it be successful!

F. A. L.

## THE DISPUTED BETTING CASES AT TATTERSALL'S.

In accordance with a previous announcement, the sub-committee of the Grand National Hunt, conjointly with the committee of Tattersall's, held a meeting at Tattersall's, on Monday afternoon, for the purpose of adjudicating upon several questions in dispute. Four were submitted, two of which were decided and the others postponed. The following are the decisions:—

"Tattersall's Committee-Rooms, Monday, March, 8, 1875.

"Sub-committee of the Grand National Hunt, conjointly with the committee of Tattersall's Subscription-Rooms.

"READING, 1874.—SELLING HURDLE RACE:

"(Calendar, XLVII., p. 410, Oct. 16, 1874.)

"The stewards of the meeting, having disqualified Sir Lionel for being in the forfeit list, awarded the stakes to Honeysuckle, who came in second. The stewards of the meeting have referred the question as to bets to the sub-committee of the Grand National Hunt, acting jointly with the committee of Tattersall's Subscription-Rooms, who decide:

"That the bets go with the stakes.

By order."

"WEST DRAYTON.—WEST DRAYTON PLATE (handicap):

"Framboise came in first, beating Ptarmigan by a neck; but the stewards disqualified her on the ground that her name was not published in the original handicap, and the race was awarded to Ptarmigan. The stewards of the meeting refer the question as to bets to the committee of Tattersall's Subscription-Rooms, who decide:

"Postponed to next meeting; Messrs. Weatherby and Verrall to be summoned.

By order."

"ELTHAM AUTUMN.—HURDLE RACE:

"(Calendar, XXXVII., p. 324; Calendar, XXXIX., p. 338.)

"The stewards award the Open Hurdle Race to Peak, who came in second, Blacksmith being in the forfeit list. The stewards of the meeting have referred the question as to bets to the sub-committee of the Grand National Hunt, acting jointly with the committee of Tattersall's Subscription-Rooms.

"The bets go with the stakes.

By order."

"BROMLEY AUTUMN.—SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE:

"(Calendar, XLV., 393.)

"His Majesty, who came in first, was disqualified on the ground of insufficient description, and the stakes awarded to Victor Jane, who came in second. The stewards of the meeting have referred the question of bets to the sub-committee of the Grand National Hunt, acting jointly with the committee of Tattersall's Subscription-Rooms, who decide:

"This case is postponed till next meeting.

By order."

THE DEATH is announced of the Hon. W. R. Rous, a younger brother of "the Admiral," at the age of seventy-eight.

THE LATE EARL OF YARBOROUGH'S STUD.—We learn that this important hunting establishment is now in jeopardy, through the death of the noble Lord; and thirty-six of the hunters will be offered for sale by auction by Mr. Calthorp in the Lincoln race week.

THE FANCY-DRESS POLO AND UNITED COUNTRIES HUNT BALL AT BRIGHTON.—The preparations for this ball are nearly completed. In addition to other bands, that of the Scots Greys has been engaged. Several of the leading members of the International Gun and Polo Club will be present, and two or three distinguished visitors are expected.

A HARD-HEARTED DAUGHTER.—The flower-girl Isabelle, of the Jockey Club, has just been the defendant in a suit brought by her mother to obtain an alimentary allowance. The plaintiff, a poor peasant woman and widow, named Briant, living at Sannois (Seine-et-Oise), now infirm and unable to work, is quite destitute, and only supported by an allowance of a few francs a week made by another daughter, who is also in a very humble situation of life. Isabelle, on the contrary, is in affluent circumstances, her income being estimated at 16,000*fr.* a year; she lives in a handsome apartment in Paris and has two houses at Sannois. The mother demanded a pension of 780*fr.* a year, which the daughter refused to give. The counsel for the latter denied that her earnings were as much as stated, and showed that they were only of a precarious nature. The tribunal, however, gave judgment against her, but fixed the allowance at 600*fr.* a year.—*Galignani*.



## Reviews.

*Katerfelto: a Story of Exmoor.* By G. J. Whyte-Melville. With Illustrations by Colonel H. Hope Crealocke, C.B. Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly.—This is unquestionably by far the best sporting novel that has appeared this season, and we may add that we have seldom met with a work which we can more unreservedly praise, as it is written with a beauty of language and a spirit of vigorous enthusiasm rare even in our best living word-painters. The plot is skilfully made; all the scenes, adventures, and incidents are so carefully delineated that they seem drawn from life direct, each character stands out boldly and is well sustained, and the interest of the story never flags from the first page to the last. We have experienced great pleasure from the perusal of this book, and shall now give some account of the plot of the story; and by quoting here and there the author's own thrilling descriptions our readers will obtain a fair idea of the great merits of the work.

The scene opens in the club-room of a tavern in Covent-garden in 1763, when the reader is introduced to a motley gathering of roystering blades of the period, all six-bottle men, who wore small swords, and would "have considered themselves dishonoured had they not been ready at any moment to support a jest, an argument, or an insult with naked steel." Here, in consequence of John Wilkes's health being proposed, a quarrel was engendered between a west-country squire, named Gale, and the hero of the story, John Garnet, a thriftless young gentleman of old family and slender purse, whose inheritance has been attained in consequence of his father's devotion to the Stuarts. When the rest of the company had retired, these two fought with small swords in an empty room, the result being that Gale was mortally wounded and John Garnet run through the ribs. The encounter, although it took place without seconds, appears to have been fairly conducted, inasmuch as the west-country squire assured the doctor in his last moments, in the presence of two witnesses, that the quarrel had been of his own making, and was fought out according to the usual rules of fair play. "I was a fool not to close with him," murmured the dying man, reflecting ruefully on the personal strength he had misapplied. "But the rogue is a pretty swordsman; quick, well taught, supple as an eel, and—I forgive him." Immediately after the duel, John Garnet, although hard hit, made his escape from the tavern, but, fainting from loss of blood, fell insensible in a dark passage, called Dead Man's Alley. There we shall leave him for a time, and transport the reader to Portlock Bay, in the fair land of Devon, where the west-country squire's brother, Parson Gale, resided, whom our author thus describes:—

Parson Gale was one of those ecclesiastics so common a hundred years ago, who looked upon his preferment and his parish as a layman of the present day looks on a sporting-manor and a hunting-box. Burly, middle-aged, and athletic, there were few men between Bodmin and Barnstaple who could vie with the parson in tying a fly, setting a trimmer, tailing an otter, handling a game-cock, using fists and cudgel, wrestling a fall, and, on occasions, emptying a gallon of cider or a jack of double ale. Nay, he could harbour a stag, and ride the moor after him when the pack were laid on, with the keenest sportsman of the west; and, if to these accomplishments are added no little skill in cattle-doctoring, and some practical knowledge of natural history, it is not to be supposed that the Reverend Abner Gale found much time for those theological studies to which he had never shown the slightest inclination.

He was a thick square-made man, built for strength rather than activity, with a coarse though comely face, bearing the traces of a hard out-of-door life, not without occasional excesses in feasting and conviviality. His short grizzled hair made him look more than his age, but in spite of his clumsy figure, there was a lightness in his step, an activity in his gestures, such as seldom outlasts the turning-point of forty. Many women would have seen something attractive even now in his burly strength and manly bearing; would have thought it worth while to wean him from game-cocks and his boon companions, to tempt him back into the paths of sobriety, good government, and moderation.

In Parson Gale's diocese near the confines of Exmoor lived a worn-out old soldier of Oudenarde and Malplaquet, and his granddaughter Nelly Carew, the "sweetest lass from Bossington Point to Bideford Bay, and the toast of three counties," whose charms had smitten the heart of the west-country parson, was destined to play an important part in the story. We shall now return to Dead Man's Alley, where we left John Garnet weltering in his blood and insensible. By chance he had fallen near the door of an odd character, one Katerfelto—a cross between a money-lender, a fortune-teller, a quack doctor, a conjuror, a charlatan, and a Jesuitical spy of the Stuarts—who, having some knowledge of surgery, took him into his house, and with the aid of his handmaid Waif, a Gipsy girl, cured him of his wounds. Here—like Rebecca in "Ivanhoe"—Waif falls in love with the man whose life she has contributed to save by her careful nursing, and hence ensue a variety of *contretemps* which serve to enliven the story. The gipsy girl, like her master Katerfelto, is up to every move on the boards, and does credit to her bringings up. Whilst John Garnet is laid up, an English nobleman—one of the Rochester school—Lord Bellinger, visits Katerfelto, and borrows 500 gs. to take him down into the West of England in order to execute certain warrants issued by the Secretary of State against some of the partisans of the Stuart dynasty who contemplated making a rising on behalf of the Pretender; Lady Bellinger, his wife, comes to learn how to cheat at cards, and Parson Gale follows suit to consult the Necromancer as to the best means of tracking up the man who had killed his brother, against whom he vows dire threats of vengeance. "Show me where the deer is harboured," said he; "I can do all the rest myself. The Lord have mercy on him, for I will not, when once I get him up to bay!" Katerfelto takes the broad pieces given him by the Parson and promises his assistance; but, as he has certain ends to attain which John Garnet can carry out for him, he does not betray his whereabouts. Waif—who never lets a chance escape her—listens at the keyhole and learns the Parson's intentions, which, with the aid of her people, she eventually frustrates and saves the man she loves. In the mean time John Garnet recovers from his wounds, and Katerfelto, mounting him on a magnificent horse that had belonged to Galloping Jack, a gentleman of the Dick Turpin school, who had come to grief in a nightcap at Tyburn, gives him a hundred guineas and dispatches him to waylay Lord Bellinger and secure the warrants. This, after a variety of amusing incidents charmingly told, he accomplishes with the aid of Waif, who most unaccountably appears at the critical time with a number of her people. John Garnet, having secured the warrants, burnt them, and warned the attainted persons in time to flee the country, lay *perdu* near Exmoor; but Katerfelto, believing that he had carried off Waif, his handmaid, out of revenge betrayed his place of hiding to his enemy, Parson Gale, who forthwith returned to the west country to hunt down his foe. In the mean time John Garnet and Nelly Carew had by chance come together, and, naturally, fell in love with each other, which fact was, strangely enough, discovered by Waif.

She learned the penalty that would be exacted for his late exploit, in which she had taken part, should his identity with the reputed highwayman be discovered by those who were already on his track.

She learned, in a brief period of eavesdropping that seemed an eternity of misery, more of his daring courage and good-humoured recklessness—of those very qualities she most admired and loved in him—than she ever knew before. Waif had no God to whom she could pray in this agony of sorrow; but, looking round in wild appeal to sea, and sky, and mountain, as though they were sentient beings, her large dark eyes seemed to plead with Nature, the only mother she knew, and to demand, in mute upbraiding, Why her punishment was greater than she could bear? A thorough gipsy, bred and born, Waif so far resembled a wild animal of the woods that when sore-stricken she instinctively sought her home, scarce knowing how she sped back to the encampment of her people, swift and straight as the red hind, that neither fails nor falters, though she carries a bullet in her breast.

On arrival in camp she found that a great gipsy peer, "The Duke Michael of Egypt," had honoured her tribe with a visit, and that he and Parson Gale were having a carouse. The cause of the presence of a dignitary of the Church in a gipsy camp was thus accounted for by P'n Cooper, an old sweetheart of Waif's:—

The parson, he explained, rears the best breed of fighting-cocks in the West of England. There was one of his pen this morning good enough to take the crow out of the gamest *chirico* that ever wore spurs. He's safe in my hut now, with his head in a stocking to keep him quiet. This day week, at Devizes, he'll be worth ten—aye, twenty guineas in red gold. But the money would never have come my way if little Ryley and me hadn't 'ticed the Parson here. When he means winning he trains the birds himself; and it's a job, I've been told, to get him away from them for an hour. It would take a better Roman than me, Thyra, or little Ryley either to *chore* so much as a clout off a clothes-line if the Parson was within a mile of the place. So how do you think we worked it? Why, we got up a wrestling-match on the cross, you know, between Humpy Hearne and black James Lee, in honour of our old man's visit, and we 'ticed the Parson into the camp to see fair. He knows the rules of the ring, and keeps them all in his head as clear as print. He's the sort that would rather ride fifty miles to a fight than five to a prayer meeting. So he up and puts the saddle on, and down the Coombe he swings at a gallop, as if he'd a spare neck in each pocket, and leaps off, before old Michael, with his shovel hat in his hand. "It's not every day," says he, "in our West country that a parson comes to visit a duke. Let's have a drink," says he, "deep enough to do credit to both!" And with that he empties a half pint horn of brandy and throws it over his left shoulder for luck. There was a shout you might have heard at Taunton. Our old Duke was not going to be bragged at such a game as that. He answered fair and honest gill for gill; so down they sat on a blanket at the tent-door, and they've been at it ever since. In the meantime little Ryley he steps round over the moor and brings the *chirico* back with him, coop and all. It's a beautiful bird, Thyra. I'll show it you to-morrow, as soon as it's light; but if I'd known the parson could sing so good a song, he should never have lost a feather out of his wing for Ryley and me.

At the end of the carouse the Parson, half-seas over, mounts his good nag Cassock, and the gipsies, much fascinated by his freedom of manners and great absorbent powers, wave a god-speed after him as he rode away. The horse was bred on the moor, and knew its paths; but "this night he seemed more careful than usual, edging from side to side under his burden, as though conscious that on him, the drinker of water, must devolve the duty of balancing his master, the drinker of ale." At a turn in the road he is interrupted by Waif, who tells him that John Garnet—the man he has sworn to hunt down to the death—sleeps in the hamlet by Portlock Bay, some few miles distant. In the meantime, Katerfelto having been obliged to leave his haunt in London, on account of his malpractices being discovered, makes his appearance in the west country as an itinerant quack doctor, and sets the gipsies to betray John Garnet for the sake of a hundred pounds blood money which the Government offered for his apprehension. Our hero, unaware of the dangers gathering round him, makes his appearance at a stag-hunt, where he and his good horse so distinguish themselves by their fearless daring that, although he is believed to be the famous highwayman, not a sportsman amongst them attempts to lift a finger against him, although the parson, who was the only man up besides himself at the end of the run, attempted to kill him by foul means as he was struggling with the stag at bay, but was prevented by the prompt intervention of the harbourer. This description of a brilliant run after a wild Exmoor stag is admirably told, and the principal character in the hunt, the old harbourer, is portrayed as only a true and thorough sportsman could depict him. It is, perhaps, the happiest and most powerful piece of word-painting that has emanated from our author's pen; and in the present day he unquestionably bears the palm in describing genuine English sport.

Parson Abner Gale, foiled in his attempt to assassinate his rival, then engaged the assistance of Dick Boss, a sheriff's officer, Fen Cooper the gipsy, and two others of like kidney, to take him in his sleep; but John Garnet got an inkling of their purpose, and managed to get a short start of them on his famous nag Katerfelto. Waif had divined their project, and the whole tide of her feelings seemed to turn; "and she would have given her own life freely to have saved him—ay, even for the blue-eyed girl, whom, from the moment she saw them whispering together in the orchard, she hated with the fierce, pitiless hatred of her race. In the hope of warning him of his peril, she started across the moor as fast as her supple limbs would carry her, straining nerve and sinew to save 'the man whom she hated so bitterly, but loved so well.' She arrived at the edge of a chasm, some eight or nine yards from bank to bank, which was too wide and too deep for her to cross.

She lost heart utterly; and the wind, rising once more in mocking gusts, seemed to flout and buffet her, driving another snow-storm in her face. But on its wings it carried a dull, smothered beat, faint and distant, yet drawing nearer with each regular, monotonous footfall. It was the tramp of horses galloping at speed over the snowy surface of the moor; and Waif, eager, erect, motionless, listening with every nerve, as the red hind listens to the tufters, made out distinctly that the nearest rider was far ahead of two or three others in pursuit. As the blinding storm passed over that death-chase came fairly into view. Along the side of the opposite hill swept two horsemen at headlong pace, the one a quarter of a mile before the other, and increasing his distance with every stride; a third laboured hopelessly in the rear; and two more—one of whom she recognised as her affianced husband—were making for the head of the Combe, with the obvious intention of hemming in and cutting off the object of their pursuit. Keener than the gipsy's eyesight the instincts of love and hate told Waif that the first rider was John Garnet, the second Abner Gale.

"Have I found thee, oh, mine enemy?" muttered the parson, plying Cassack with his spurs, while he scanned the ravine before them, and reflected, not without a grim humour, how impossible it seemed that any creature unprovided with wings should reach the other side. He knew that deep and yawning chasm, where the fir-tree stood, well as he knew his own stable-door, but he did not know the grey horse's dauntless courage, nor the recklessness of a man like John Garnet riding for his life. Waif, however, could understand and rely on both. Tearing the kerchief from her bosom while she ran, she hurried down to the deep, precipitous edge at its narrowest part, and waved for the man she loved her signal to come on. How like him, she thought, to spare a hand, even at such a crisis, and raise his hat from his comely head ere he forced it firmly down, and set his horse going for the leap.

"By George! you are a flyer!" said John Garnet, as Katerfelto,

pricking his ears and shortening his stride as he increased his pace, bounded freely from bank to bank, detaching, however, with his hind feet a large portion of earth and shingle, that went rumbling and rattling down many a perpendicular fathom into the abyss; so that, even while the words were on the rider's lips, the horse stumbled and fell as he landed, rolling forward on his side and shoulder in the snow.

John Garnet, who never let go his reins, was up in an instant, whilst the horse rose almost as nimbly, with wild eye and spreading nostril, snorting in terror and defiance, scared alike by his terror and his fall. Plunging forward, the buckle of his throat-lash gave way, the bit slipped out of his mouth, and Katerfelto scoured riderless into the waste, leaving John Garnet standing on his feet with his bridle in his hand. A shout of triumph from the pursuers, who were already rounding the head of the coombe, warned him that they had seen the catastrophe, and were prepared to take advantage of it. Unarmed and dismounted, they could ride him down now, they thought, at their leisure, let the grey horse go where he might.

Among the many faults of his character none could tax Abner Gale with want of promptitude or decision in an emergency. No sooner was he satisfied that his enemy meant to charge boldly the obstacle in front than he, too, urged no less by vanity than hatred, made up his mind, while he caught hold of the black horse's head, to ride at it, neck or nothing, and take his chance. John Garnet was hardly down and up again ere the Parson, sitting firmly in the saddle, had forced his horse at the leap, even at the very brink. But, wiser than his master, poor Cassock was fain to be excused. Alas! the rider's strength of seat and hands and limbs, above all, his indomitable will, would take no denial, and the gallant old horse made his effort too late! Chesting the opposite bank, the concussion shot the hapless pair, as if from a catapult, to the very bottom of the chasm. Even in the turmoil of her feelings Waif turned sick, while her imagination rather than her senses told her the hideous truth; but John Garnet, peering over the brink to where a dead man and horse, with hardly a bone unbroken in either of their frames, lay rolled up in a ghastly heap, could not help murmuring, "'Tis a pity sure, for vile as he is, a scoundrel not worth hanging, no better rider nor bolder ever buckled on a pair of spurs."

Just at this crisis the other pursuers rounded the coombe, and John Garnet, dismounted and unarmed—for Katerfelto had carried off his pistols in his holsters—would have stood but a poor chance had not a sudden snowstorm come on, so that no living man could see twenty paces before him. Waif, equal to the emergency, makes him take off his boots, and directs him to the Red Rube the harbourer's hut, where he will be safe from pursuit; then, drawing the heavy riding-boots on her own shapely limbs, she bade him farewell and plunged through the snow, so that the imprints might draw the pursuers from the path the man she loved had escaped by. The ruse succeeded. John Garnet got away, and a few days afterwards managed to cross the Channel; but the poor gipsy girl fell a victim to her devotion, as she perished on the moor, and her lifeless body was discovered by Fen Cooper, her affianced husband, who tracked up the imprints in the snow of the heavy riding-boots.

It seemed impossible. She had not surely lain there many minutes, and yet how stiff she had grown, and cold. Against that fixed grey face he laid his own, and tried hard in his agony to breathe life into those pale parted lips; but it was hoping against hope, and while he swore that it could not, should not be, his bursting heart told him the truth, that Thyra Lovel's deep dark eyes would look on him again, gladly or sadly, never more! Even in his utter misery he saw it all—the ingenious shift, the false track, the artifice by which she had outwitted him, and led him skilfully off the line of his pursuit to spend his wedding day with her here, locked in each other's arms, the only occupants of the frozen desolate moor.

As a matter of course, John Garnet, in the end, got a free pardon, and returned to marry Nelly Carew. But what became of the grey horse? Tradition, on the authority of Red Rube, affirms that he was never retaken after his bridle broke, but passed on rejoicing to life-long freedom on the moor. The harbourer was wont to declare that, as soon as he had forwarded his rider, whom he kept in close hiding for a week, to the little coast-town whence an escape was arranged by sea, he himself set out in pursuit of the incomparable stallion, determined to tax all his science and ingenuity for the capture of such a valuable prize. The very first day of his search he came upon the saddle and furniture, from which the horse had kicked himself clear. And many a time afterwards he followed the iron-shod hoof-marks, till the iron, too, had dropped off, leaving only the print of a smooth oval foot, with the patience and persistency of his trade; but, shyer and warier than any red-deer, the animal never allowed him to come within hearing, and seldom within sight. Doubtless he joined those herds of wild horses and ponies which to this day roam through the remote coombes and moorland wastes of West Somerset and North Devon, free and unrestrained as the very breeze that sweeps across the scanty herbage on which they feed.

Here it is presumed that he fulfilled his destiny, doing good in his generation, for even now when some bold and reckless rider has been carried more gallantly than usual in one of those wild, glorious, but exhausting runs that seem peculiar to the west, he lays a loving hand on the reeking neck of his favourite, and observes triumphantly—"It always tells at the finish. You never get to the end of them when they've a strain of blood that goes back to old Katerfelto!"

Major Whyte Melville's book is enriched by twelve photographs of drawings made by Colonel Crealocke, illustrating the principal events of the story, which are full of go and admirably executed, and considerably enhance the value of the work. To the author, the artist, and the publisher great credit is due for the production of a most charming and fascinating book, which no readers will feel inclined to relinquish until they have finished it.

*The Rowing Almanack and Oarsman's Companion for 1875.* (Virtue and Co.)—This handy little volume, which comes out annually under the auspices of "Argonaut," the aquatic editor of the *Field*, has once more appeared, and commends itself to our notice at once as the most complete manual of all matters relating to rowing and aquatic training that we have yet met with. The vast amount of miscellaneous information contained in this little work is something extraordinary, comprising, as it does, a full record of past races, a review of the season of 1874, the rule of the road on the river, and the laws of boat-racing; also an interesting table of high-water tidal observations, and a great variety of other matter. The book contains a good portrait of Mr. A. C. Dicker, the amateur champion sculler.

*The Bicycle for 1874.* By Alfred Howard. (H. K. Causton and Sons.)—This is a very complete and exhaustive review of the past doings in the bicycling world, and contains several extremely good and well-written articles. Hints to learners and beginners in the art of riding are very sensible; and there can be no doubt Mr. Howard's book will find a ready sale among the lovers of what is fast becoming one of the most fashionable sports of the day.

*Iron for March* (125, Fleet-street).—This magazine of athletics, velocipeding, bicycling, &c., has made its third appearance, and bids fair to keep up its character as an authority on the subjects of which it treats. It is fairly interesting, and deserves well of all muscular Christians who look to its pages for their amusement and instruction.



## SIR J. BENEDICT.

JULIUS BENEDICT was born at Stuttgart on Dec. 24, 1804. The favourable social position held by his family ensured for him a deliberate and thorough art-training, and a liberal education, that have sometimes been denied to musicians less fortunate in their early surroundings. After completing his preliminary studies, the young artist was sent, in 1819, to Weimar, where he had the advantage of the instruction of Hummel in pianoforte-playing, in which accomplishment he earned great distinction at an early age. The good effects of his studies in this direction have continued to be manifested, both in solo performances and in that excellence as an accompanist which has long been one of the many distinguishing merits of the subject of this notice. The most important epoch, however, in his art-career was his visit to Dresden in 1820, and the commencement of that double relation of pupil and friend to the immortal composer of *Der Freischütz*, Carl Maria von Weber, which had so powerful an influence on the progress of the former as a dramatic composer. Various journeys were made by master and disciple—among other places to Berlin and Vienna, at which latter city, in 1823, the younger composer first entered on active theatrical occupation as director of the German Opera there. Two years previously occurred his first meeting with the then boy composer Mendelssohn, the commencement of a friendship which endured until the premature death of the latter, in 1847. The casual encounter took place in the streets of Berlin during the early popularity there of "*Der Freischütz*."

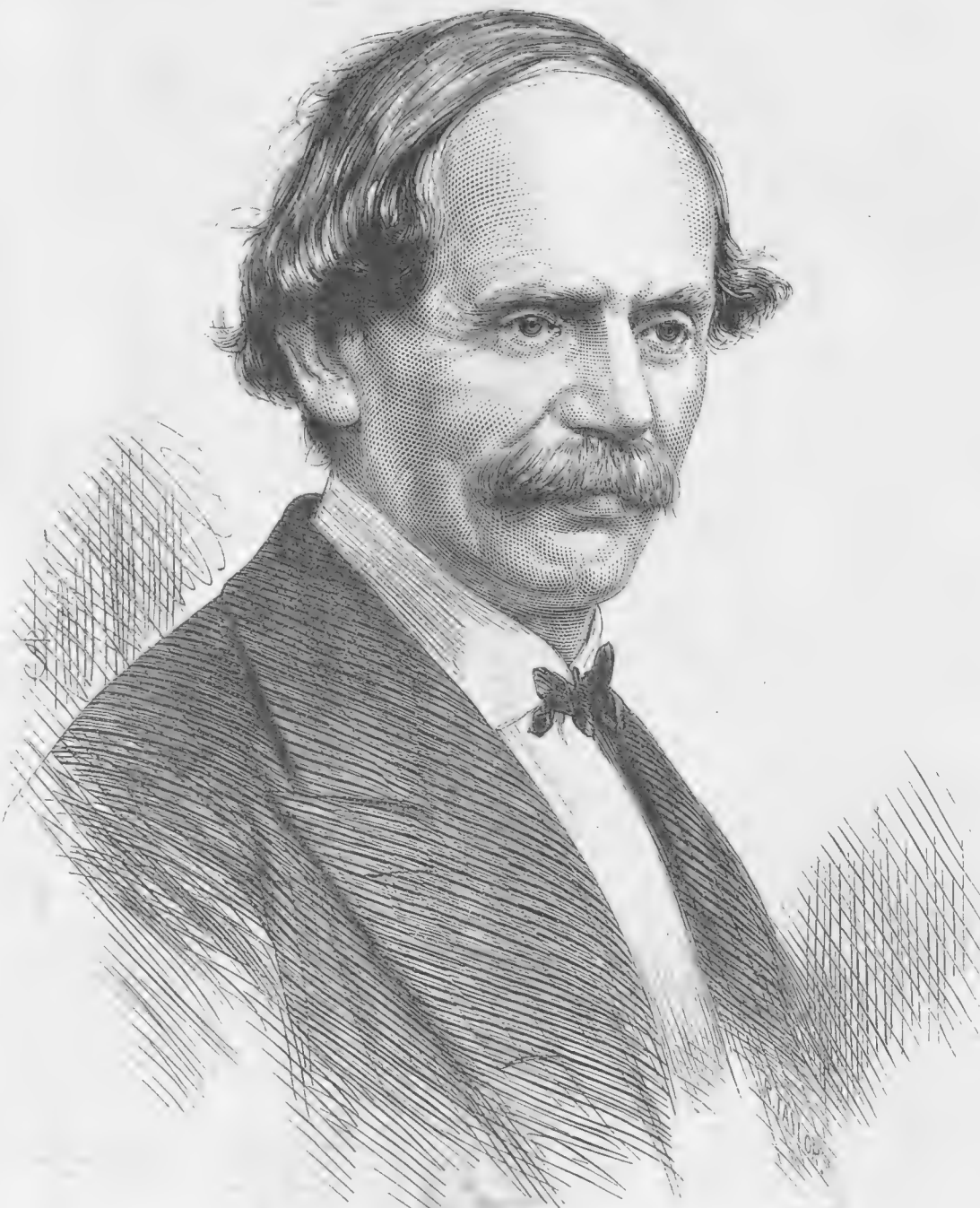
After various changes of locality and incessant activity the subject of our memoir settled, in 1838, in London, where he has since permanently resided. In 1850 he accompanied Jenny Lind to America, from which he returned in the following year, with the substantial results of a successful professional tour. The name of Benedict is identified with all the higher branches of an active and productive musical career. As an orchestral director of Italian Opera at Her Majesty's and Drury Lane Theatres during several seasons, at the Norwich Triennial Festivals for the past nine occasions; as a composer of pianoforte and vocal music, of orchestral works, important productions in the form of opera and oratorio, he has alike earned wide and honourable distinction.

His principal dramatic works are *Ernesto Giacinto* (Naples, 1829); *Un Anno ed un Giorno* (Naples, 1836)—reproduced by the Opera Buffa company at the Lyceum Theatre in 1871; *Les Portugais à Goa* (Stuttgart, 1831); *The Gipsy's Warning* (London, 1838); *The Brides of Venice* (London, 1844); *The Crusaders* (London, 1846); *The Rose of Erin* (London, 1860); *The Lily of Killarney* (London, 1861); *The Bride of Song* (London, 1864).

The first important production of the composer in the sacred style was the cantata, "*The Legend of St. Cecilia*," brought out at the Norwich Festival of 1866. The marked success of this work led to the composition, expressly for the Birmingham Festival of 1870, of the grand and elaborate oratorio, "*St. Peter*," the power and art-mastery of which assured its great and immediate success there and on its recent repetitions in London. The secular cantatas, "*Undine*" and "*Richard Cœur de Lion*," produced respectively at the Norwich Festivals of 1860 and 1863, also deserve mention for their high merits. As already implied, the high professional attainments of Sir Julius Benedict are allied to intellectual powers and acquirements that are, unfortunately, too seldom associated with the active cultivation of music. These combined qualities have long rendered him conspicuous as honourably upholding in every respect the dignity of the art which he has so successfully pursued.

## THE THEATRES.—THE ASH WEDNESDAY QUESTION.

THE Duke of St. Albans, on rising to put some questions to the Lord Chamberlain on the subject of the closing of theatres on Ash Wednesday, in the House of Lords, on Friday week, said he would disclaim sympathy with the spirit of certain communications on the subject which had appeared in the newspapers. The authority of the Lord Chamberlain in respect of theatres had existed since 1627, and he thought the dramatic profession would be very sorry to change it for any other. He did not wish to discuss, on religious grounds, the question whether or not theatres should be open on Ash Wednesday. Formerly they were shut on the Wednesdays and Fridays, but this restriction was done away with in consequence of a resolution of the House of Commons. He would leave it to others to say if, in a Christian country, Ash Wednesday or any other day in Lent ought to be marked by the closing of places of amusement; but he challenged the noble Marquis who filled the office of Lord Chamberlain to assign any good reason why theatres in Westminster must remain closed on Ash Wednesday, while a theatre at Chelsea could be open; to explain why he should prevent the Haymarket company from acting in their own theatre on that day, while they could go to Nottingham and play in a theatre there. He would further



SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

ask the noble Marquis to justify the fact that Drury-Lane Theatre was closed by his authority for theatrical performances on that day, while a musical performance which would have been illegal at St. James's Hall did come off at Drury-Lane. Other trades and professions might go their usual way on Ash Wednesday, but the closing of theatres on that day meant that poor families got no pay. The evening was kept by some of the actors and actresses in attending a dance for the Dramatic Fund. Did the noble Marquis think this was a more legitimate occupation than that in which these ladies and gentlemen were ordinarily engaged? The grave fact in the case was that the closing of theatres made Ash Wednesday a day of starvation to many. That being so, Parliament and the public had a right to know why it should be enforced in the case of some theatres, while the regulation did not apply to others. It seemed a strange state of things that music-halls on the Middlesex side of the Thames could not open on Ash Wednesday, but music-halls on the Surrey side might and did. An old Act of George II. rendered it illegal to give public concerts before five o'clock under a magistrate's license; so that a public concert at St. James's Hall which commenced at four o'clock and ended at six in the afternoon must be under two licenses. The first part of it must be under a license from the Lord Chamberlain, and the second part under one from the Middlesex magistrates (a laugh). The whole of the licensing system as applicable to places of public amusement was full of anomalies, and required revision. As the noble Marquis had stated on a certain occasion that one of the advantages of the change of Government was that the public had him for Lord Chamberlain, he hoped to hear from the noble Marquis that he disapproved that system and was prepared to recommend its abolition or amendment (Hear, hear). He begged to ask why those theatres which were under the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction should be closed on Ash Wednesday, while other metropolitan and the provincial theatres were not so restricted? why music-halls on the Surrey side of the river were allowed to open on Ash Wednesday, when those on the Middlesex side were closed, and whether her Majesty's Government would amend the clause in the Act 25 Geo. II., cap. 36, prohibiting concerts and musical entertainments from being given before five in the afternoon?

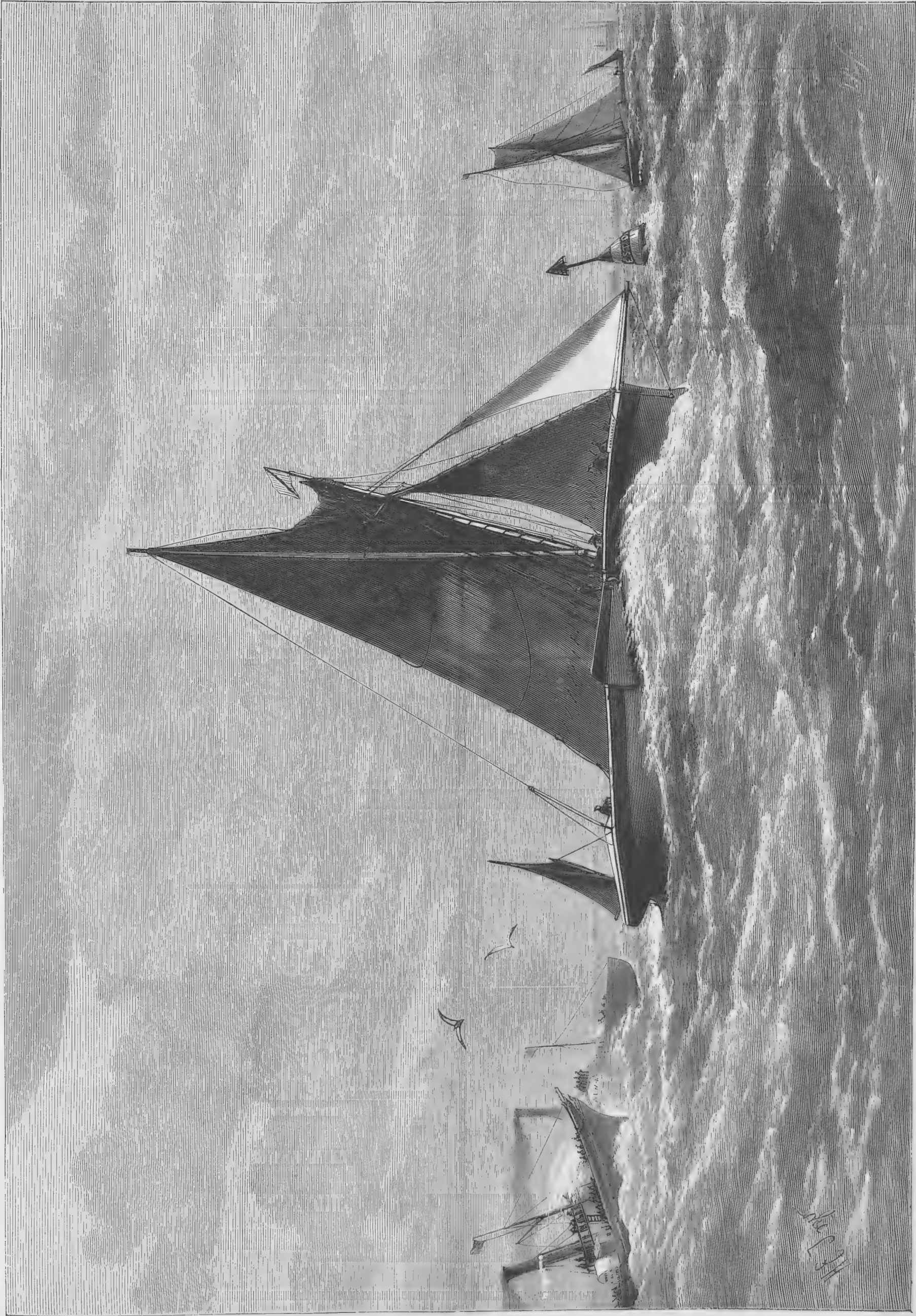
The Marquis of Hertford said that the anomaly to which the noble Duke referred arose from theatres in different localities being under different jurisdictions. Under the Act for Regulating Theatres, 6 and 7 Vict., cap. 68, which passed in 1843, the Lord Chamberlain issued annual licenses for theatres within the metropolitan Parliamentary boroughs of that date. Chelsea, though now a metropolitan borough, was not so then; and, consequently, it was not within the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction even at the present time. Drury Lane and Covent Garden were licensed by patent of King Charles II., and did not come to the Lord Chamberlain for an annual license. Theatres in all other places were licensed by the justices of the peace for the division in which the theatre was situated. The justices were empowered to make rules for such theatres, and these rules were different in different localities. No material change had been made in the form of licenses issued by the Lord Chamberlain for many years past, excepting the omission from the restricted days of Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent

in 1841 and of Passion Week, with the exception of Good Friday in 1861. Since that date the restrictions in the Lord Chamberlain's licenses were precisely similar to those in the licenses for music and dancing issued by the justices of the peace for Middlesex under the Act 25 George II., cap. 36. Perhaps he might be allowed to bring to their Lordships' recollection that in 1866 a Select Committee of the House of Commons sat to inquire into the Theatrical Licenses and Regulations. The Committee, the chairman of which was Mr. Goschen, reported, on June 28, 1866, that it was advisable to place all places of amusement in the metropolis under one authority. Owing to the difficulties of detail, no action had been taken upon this report. With reference to the last part of the noble Duke's question, he found that the Lord Chamberlain, with the sanction of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, acting on the advice of the law officers of the Crown, had since 1866, for the general convenience of the public, issued supplementary licenses to those holding licenses for music and dancing within the liberties of Westminster, to enable them to give such entertainments before five o'clock in the evening as were permitted by the justices' license after that hour. The Lord Chamberlain took no responsibility whatever upon him by these licenses with respect to the character of the entertainment or the safety of the building; and her Majesty's Government had no intention, so far as he knew, of prohibiting concerts and musical entertainments being given before five p.m. under these circumstances, no practical inconvenience having arisen from the custom.

The Earl of Rosebery said that nothing could be more clear than the answers of the noble Marquis to the exact questions put to him by the noble Duke; but he ventured to submit to their Lordships that those answers left the matter in as much obscurity as that which had surrounded it before. According to the statement of the noble Marquis, there were three jurisdictions to which theatres were subject. There was, first, the jurisdiction

of the Crown, which granted those patents, to two of which the noble Marquis had referred; in the second place, there was the jurisdiction of the Marquis himself; and, in the third place, there was the local and district jurisdiction of the magistrates. That appeared to be quite enough of diversity for one subject of a not very complicated nature. But of all these jurisdictions there was none so diversified or so confused as that of the noble Marquis himself, because, if he understood it rightly, his powers were so strictly local in their character that he had not jurisdiction over Chelsea and Bayswater, and a theatre called—he presumed from some complimentary motive—the Court Theatre, which was in the vicinity of that House, was not under the jurisdiction of the noble Marquis. If that was the fact, it was clearly desirable that some Act should be passed to amend such a state of things. But he had not heard the noble Marquis answer the question of the noble Duke, why one theatre in particular, which he supposed was under the noble Marquis's jurisdiction, was allowed to be opened on Ash Wednesday, unless it was that theatre which the noble Marquis referred to as having the patent. It illustrated the monopoly that one large mass of human beings who earned their bread by their connection with the stage should alone of all others of the community be restricted from earning wages on that day, and that an exotic body of minstrels known as negro melodists should have to change the locality of their performance—that which was illegal in Piccadilly being legal in Drury-lane. If he were a polemical writer—and in these days he would rather wish he were (a laugh)—he should be rather curious to trace the cause of this difference. He should like to ask why what was regarded as a criminal performance should be regarded as having the odour of sanctity when it was brought within the precincts of Drury-lane. (Laughter and "Hear!") If no answer could be given to that question, there was a clear case—as had been well put by the noble Duke—for legislating in this matter. Since the noble Duke put his notice on the paper, he had heard that the proceeds of the entertainment at Drury-Lane were given in charity, and that for that reason the performance of the Christy Minstrels was allowed to pass by the vague authorities in these matters. That might very well be, but it did not mend the case of the people who were deprived of their wages elsewhere, because there was not a single person drawing wages from any particular performance who had the slightest objection that the proceeds of the entertainment should be applied to charity so long as those wages were paid (a laugh). What they had to complain of was that they alone of all the community were forbidden to practise their profession and earn their bread on Ash Wednesday. The question seemed to him to resolve itself into this dilemma. One branch of the dilemma was that the profession of the stage was commercial, and, therefore, ought not to be sanctioned; the other branch was that the day itself was as sacred as Sunday. In the first place, clearly no theatrical performance ought to be sanctioned at all; in the other, clearly no other profession ought to be able to practise their calling on Ash Wednesday. There was no escaping from one horn or the other of the dilemma. Whichever horn you took, you placed the Surrey magistrates in a very painful and almost ridiculous position, because they did not seem to take the same views as





THE GREAT BARGE-MATCH ON THE 3rd INST.



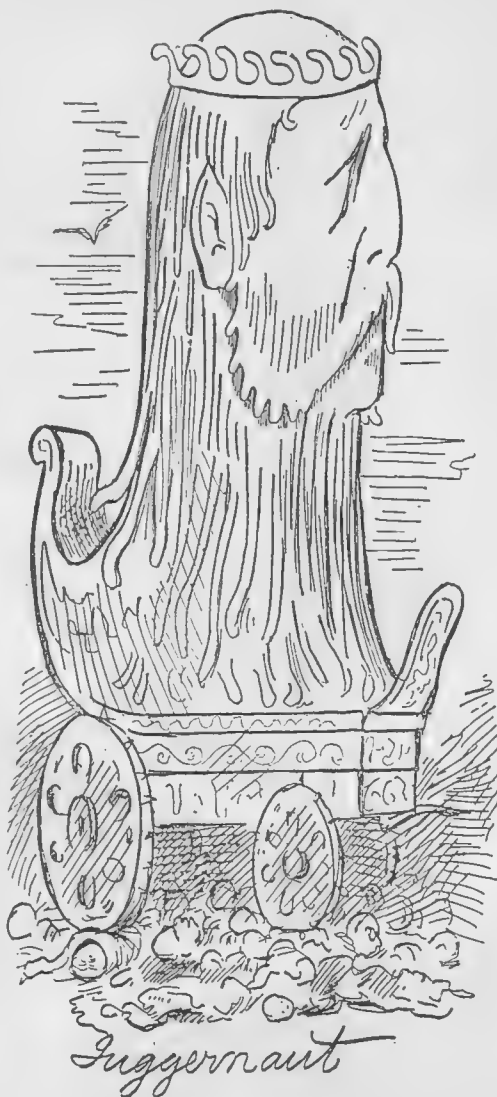
regarded theatrical performances on Ash Wednesday as were taken on the Middlesex side of the water. In fact, if any distinguished foreigner were staying in London on that day he would find it difficult not to imagine that the prohibition was a geographical and not a moral one, though, of course, no supposition could be more erroneous. He hoped that the leader of their Lordships' House would turn his attention to the matter, and that in any legislation on the subject the logical element would be regarded as well as the theological element, which was so much regarded by her Majesty's Government (Hear, hear).

Earl Beauchamp said that the prevention of performances on Ash Wednesday was not one of the grievances urged before the Committee to which his noble friend the Lord Chamberlain had alluded. The fact that the theatres under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain had increased from twenty-five to forty since the date at which that Committee sat showed that the supervision of the Lord Chamberlain was not very disagreeable to those who invested capital in the building and management of theatres.

## Our Captious Critic.

THE chief cause why dramatic art is at a lower level among us, socially and intellectually, than among the French is to be found in the inordinately commercial spirit of English society, from the highest to the lowest. If an actor has reached the highest excellence in his art, it is true we acknowledge and appreciate his excellence; but the artist we worship most is he who makes most money. However we may theorise to the contrary, practically it is much less the artistic merit than the pecuniary harvest of such merit which most moves our admiration and regard. It is an evil fatal to all true art to measure it by its price in the market. It destroys the finer instincts and deadens the artistic conscience of many an earnest and studious actor. If an actor makes a success in one day he is not content to reap the income of a gentleman: he must capitalise his "hit," so to speak, to try and amass the fortune of a Jew. The commercial demon enters into him, until he forgets that money is not the highest reward of genius. The effect of this mania upon young and rising artists is both degrading and demoralising. Uneducated and coarse-minded managers placed in high positions have an incalculably evil effect in this direction. There is one, at least, at the head of a time-honoured establishment whose presence seems to throw a blight over the spirit of every artist who has been unfortunate enough to accept an engagement in his theatre. Himself incapable of taking any but the lowest and most commercial view of dramatic art, as far as he can he treats the artists in his theatre like so many cattle which he has driven to market. And it is surprising how soon sensitive artistic

then, I tell you, it is a hideous irony to see artists and men of education, gentlemen, paying a deference to his presence that the presence of Thomas Carlyle himself could not elicit from them. Why do they do it? Is it really and solely because they draw a weekly salary from the man (and he is notoriously



Stage Irish Peasant

natures succumb under such treatment, and tamely submit to endure the tyranny. Why, it is impossible to go into a supper-room with an actor engaged under this manager without finding that, if the manager also makes his appearance at the same place, an indescribable cloud seems to have suddenly fallen upon the previously cheerful artist. He grows reserved in his remarks; a deep and uncomfortable sadness lengthens the lines of his face; he shifts his legs, and glances furtively over his shoulder, oblivious of one half the remarks you address to him, he looks for all the world as if the trailing skirts of a pestilence were sweeping by him, so much does he appear to be trying to shrink into himself. I have often heard men whose shoes the fellow is not worthy to clean address this manager in the most humbly respectful way as "SIR," till you would think he held their eternal destinies in his coarse and brutal fingers. It makes one's blood boil to reflect upon it. If the man were good or noble, or unusually honest; if he had distinguished himself by any one act of heroism, generosity, or bravery; if he were renowned for high scholarship, genius, or intelligence; if even he were noted simply for his gentlemanly bearing, one could understand the respect paid him. But when, instead of all this, he is wholly without education, refinement, or taste; when he is brutal and overbearing in his manners, foul-mouthed in his speech, and insolent in his demeanour; when he is a bully and a coward, an insulter of women and a betrayer of friendship—

the most niggardly remunerator of talent in London)? I cannot believe it. A true artist would fling up such a service and face the world a thousand times, unfriended and alone, rather than feel degraded in spirit day by day before such a vulgar and petty despot. And so long as such men can hold important managerial positions there is no chance for the British Theatre in any high and national sense. In the interests of true dramatic art I cry "Down with them!"

Talking of oppression and despotism, the proud and strong against the weak and lowly—I have been to see *Arrah-na-Pogue* at the Surrey Theatre. For the information of a younger generation, who, like the second Pharaoh, perhaps, "know not Joseph," I may as well state that *Arrah-na-Pogue* (which, being translated into the Saxon tongue, means "Arrah of the Kiss") is an Irish melodrama. It was written by an Irish patriot and genius, who at an early age left his country—if not for his country's good, for his own. Just as Thomas Moore with his Irish melodies at an earlier period of the century, so Dion Boucicault with his Irish melodramas made Irish grievances a fashionable diversion. Society wept over the woes and throbbled with the wrongs of the proud and lively peasant whose soul within him, ever burning, constantly reminded him that this was his own, his native land. His unusual talent for love-making, half-humorous, half-poetic, and all-persuasive, rendered him a favourite with the softer sex; whilst his exuberant readiness to fight anybody for any cause gained him the good opinion of the proverbially manly sons of Albion. Nor was Boucicault the only writer who popularised the incidents of Irish seditions. Edmund Falconer (erst the gentlemanly and intelligent lessee of Drury-Lane Theatre at a time when managers could be gentlemanly and intelligent) in his *Peep-o'-Day* illustrated even more closely the dramatic features of those hot-headed émeutes which, during the past hundred years or so, have brought many a "dacent boy" to the gallows and sent a still greater number of them across the seas—to come back years later as unanimously-elected members of Parliament, and the like. Falconer, always more of a poet than of a playwright, generally takes a more tender and pathetic view of rebellion than Boucicault, and throws a delicate halo of romance about it which takes away half the horror that attaches to the historical facts. Even his stern minions of despotic Saxon law—ruthless soldiery, &c., never appear to me to have the least intention of really carrying out their sanguinary duties. I always have had a suspicion that when they get their prisoner out of sight they loose him, take his handcuffs off, and get him to show them the way to the nearest *shebeen*, where they all carouse together genially over a jar of whisky that never saw the face of the exciseman—bad luck to him! For instance, in that great scene in *Eileen Oge* where a body of police suddenly attack a group of innocent haymakers "in the meadows a-making hay," no one shall ever persuade me that those "peelers" have really the slightest intention of hurting such humorous and well-behaved peasantry. Not a bit of it; it's all a fairy-tale, this Irish sedition—at least, so Mr. Disraeli said in "Lothair." It is to be hoped that merry statesman will find it so during his term of Government. But I digress. Boucicault, on the other hand, excels in the art of dramatic construction and mechanical device. In the cave scene in *Colleen Bawn* he may be said to have leaped into sudden glory as the *deus ex machina* of stage effect. The sensational machinery in *Arrah-na-Pogue* is much less effective because a great deal more elaborate; and for once that I have seen it satisfactorily managed in a leading theatre, I have a dozen times, in houses of inferior resource, seen it utterly fail. Now that the stage—as regards machinery, effects, properties, &c.—has been brought into such a state of mechanical perfection that it appears next to impossible to construct a drama to suit it, my opinion is that one of the most urgent reforms needed is a reform in relation to the workmen (carpenters and the like) who are responsible for the efficient working of all this machinery. Anyone acquainted with the

working of the stage must admit that, as a class, these men are not distinguished by that bright intelligence, apt resource, and strict sobriety which were such engaging characteristics of the British workman who lived in the times of the Religious Tract Society. On the contrary, they are the plague of dress rehearsals and the terror of first-nights. Their carelessness, stupidity, or malice may seriously injure the effect of an author's situation, a scene-painter's effect, or an actor's point. Often, unless absolutely forced to do a thing the right way, they will determinately do it the wrong. Managers stand in dread of them. Hence, perhaps, the origin of that preposterous subscription-dinner on Ash Wednesday. But the worst feature of these men is that they will resent the display of any superior intelligence or cleverness in a member of their own class. An experienced manager told me that once he discovered among the workmen in his theatre a young fellow of unusual cleverness and intelligence. Manager-like, he naturally sought to make the most of him, and employed and consulted him about various matters that required clever workmanship. The effect of this managerial appreciation was merely to draw down odium upon the clever workman from his less intelligent co-mates. It drew down more, for on one occasion, when the manager was consulting him on the stage, a pailful of dirty whitewash and other filth was accidentally-by-design emptied upon the intelligent head of the carpenter who had presumed to be less stupid and less ignorant than his fellows, the manager himself narrowly escaping a share of the deluge. "Where new ideas arise there also is Golgotha," said Heine. A swan among geese has a bad time of it. To return to *Arrah-na-Pogue*. It is played at the Surrey by people who, with scarcely an exception, appear to have no actual knowledge of Irish character. Nevertheless, it is as interesting as of yore, and transpontine London seems to take the greatest delight in a drama some of the strongest speeches in which are denunciations of British rule and anathemas against the Saxon race generally. In the piece 'Arrah darlin' tries to be as Irish as she can, and in spite of the difficulties of a foreign language, contrives to make Mary Jane and Jemimar-ann weep incessantly over the unmerited sorrows of a true and tender heart (I know this because I stood behind them the night I was there, and was amused to observe how when the act-drop fell they dried their tears and fortified themselves with bottled stout for the doubly affecting incidents of the following scene). 'Shaun the Post' is the only really Irish bit of acting in the performance, and could not easily be much better played. Those, of course, who have seen the great Dion himself in the character are hard to please; nevertheless, 'Shaun' at the Surrey is pretty nearly as good a 'Shaun' as can be made out of the character. I don't like the green coat, though, and red waistcoat. No one will ever convince me that this conventional costume of the stage Irishman ever originated anywhere but in the theatre. Whoever saw it in Ireland? Apropos of costumes, I pray thee, Oh People's Caterer, if thou hast the slightest



The real article

regard for thy reputation as an intelligent manager, alter at once those ballet-dresses which have been given to all the peasant-girls in the barn scene. No Irish peasant-girl ever does or did dress in short skirts with more than a suspicion of gauzy muslin fairy-dresses appearing underneath them. I was waiting every moment to see them whip off the upper dress, and waltz down the stage à la "Nymphs of the Grotto" or something of that sort. And this in an Irish barn! The dress worn by the old woman who dances on the door is more like the real sort of thing. Recollect that Ireland is an oppressed and downtrodden country. Life is not at all a fairy ballet among the peasantry, and they never heard of silk tights. Alas! the Irish people's caterer has yet to arise. 'Michael Feeny' succeeds in making a decided impression on the Surrey audience; so much so, that they pay him the compliment of hooting his villainy out of the pit and gallery. This is as much as to say that the performance is an effective one. To me, putting aside its lack of Hibernian feeling, it seemed to have rather much of the conventional stage villain of the sneak type. The writhe and creeping stride I have oftentimes seen at the Surrey; 'Uriah Heep' did it in exactly the same manner there some months ago. The 'Fanny Power' appeared to be a very inexperienced young lady. She was continually encumbered by a riding-habit, and carried a riding-cane, which seemed to be very much in her way. She always posed as I have seen young ladies on the music-hall



stage stand when singing "Tantivy!" The O'Grady is as much like an Irish gentleman as an Irish gentleman is like a bad actor. The other characters don't call for any special remark, and there is no need at this time of day to say that the play itself is a good one, remarkably well constructed, and the dialogue in parts both humorous and witty. Boucicault nearly always writes first-rate dialogue. He writes as the people would talk, and yet better than they would talk. It is a good thing to have the better class of "sensation" dramas (if they must have sensations) introduced to the people in the neighbourhood of the Surrey. Entertainments will continue to improve in that region. At present—to alter slightly the line of an Irish bard—"On the Surrey side is virtue and Erin," so to speak.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC'S DRAMATIC COOKERY-BOOK.

(To be continued occasionally.)



TO ESTABLISH A TRUE TASTE FOR LIGHT AND FANCIFUL PERFORMANCES.

Catch a young Lord. Truss and pluck him in the following manner: First introduce him to a so-called actress—one with golden hair and who can write her name is preferable (artistic attainments unnecessary). Next make him rent a theatre and engage a company of "carte-de-visite ladies;" place them on the stage and play bad opéra-bouffé and vulgar concert-hall music at them with an indifferent band.

Young Lord to be done brown on both sides.  
Rest to be served without dressing.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

BOTH crews finished their preparation at home last week, the final spin of Cambridge not being of a very satisfactory nature, while those few spectators who had the courage to brave the wind and rain which prevailed when the Oxonians had their last pull over the Ilfey course were gratified by witnessing the best piece of rowing yet done by them. Way settling the racing stroke of thirty-eight a minute, which was well sustained throughout without any falling off in style. The Light Blues left Cambridge on Saturday morning for Brighton, whence they arrived in Putney on Monday, taking up their quarters at a private house in "The Cedars." The Oxonians did not leave the University until Monday morning, and, on reaching the scene of action, went straight to their old quarters at Mr. S. Marshall's well-known inn, the Fox and Hounds. A heavy tide prevailed on Monday, when the two crews went out for their first row on the Thames; and although the water was in many places completely over the tow-path, the number of would-be judges was larger than ever, many of whom, I firmly believe, do not know the difference between the bow and the stern of the boat. While in company with a well-known member of the West London Rowing Club, our risible muscles were sorely taxed by hearing a regular cockney say to his three friends, as they were standing in the Half Moon field, "What's the good of standing here; can't we get down on the *bank*!" meaning, I suppose, the towpath. The Oxford men were the first to take the water, and, starting off the London Rowing Club boat-house, rowed right up to Mortlake at a steady stroke of about 32 a minute. Many expressed their opinion that there was a very perceptible hang on the feather and a slow recovery; they certainly were a little ragged on the feather, but, taken altogether, their *début* was a highly satisfactory one. Cambridge went out about three-quarters of an hour afterwards, when the tide was nearly done, and, paddling down to just above the Aqueduct, they drifted as far as the Star and Garter, whence they started at 34 per minute. They seemed to get plenty of go on the boat, but they were decidedly not so well together as were their opponents, splashing considerably on the bow side. They had not gone far, however, when No. 6 carried away his stretcher, and a return to the boat-house was necessitated. After repairing the damage they started again at 32, and had gone as far as Chiswick when another stretcher gave way, and they paddled gently home.

On Tuesday Oxford went out first for a paddle in the morning as far as the point, their style being satisfactory; and Cambridge, who got afloat in their boat which Waite has built for them, about twelve o'clock took a breather as far as the Soapworks. There was again a great amount of splashing, and both time and feather were irregular. In the afternoon, in consequence of a stiff breeze from the north-west, the water was rather lumpy. The Light Blues went out in their Waite at about 3.15, and, after paddling down to the starting-place, went away at a good pace on the flood tide. There was again a great amount of water thrown up in the fore part of the boat, which did not appear to go quite so well. On going throughorney Reach the crew got so thoroughly wet that they disembarked at Barnes and trotted home. By the time Oxford got afloat the wind had gone down considerably, and consequently the water was much smoother. Having taken the precaution to have washboards fitted on, they went away with a long, clean stroke at a good pace as far as Chiswick Church, where they turned and came back. Although well together, there was still a perceptible hang on the feathers.

On Wednesday morning Oxford went out about 11.30, starting from the Boat-house at a steady stroke as far as the Iron Bridge, where they eased. On going off again Way set them a buster of 38 per minute, which was well rowed throughout as far as the Dung Wharf. In this sharp spin the tendency to hang was not so apparent. The Cantabs were merely out tubbing in pair-oars. In the afternoon the Light Blues went over the entire distance for the first time. There was a fairish tide under them, and Rhodes commenced at 32 per minute, increasing to 33 at Hammersmith, and to 35 at the finish. The men were much more together than on the two previous days, but still the rowing was short, but it was evident they

were not fully extended. I had almost omitted to state that they used their boat by Waite, which scarcely seems to suit them. Oxford went out about a quarter of an hour later, and, turning directly off the London Boat-house, went right away to the Brewery at Mortlake, where they eased. Way set them a long, steady stroke, which never exceeded 34. The spin was highly satisfactory, and Mr. Darbishire's voice was seldom heard correcting the faults in the boat. The time, given me by one whom I can rely on, was 17min. 57sec.

The following dimensions of the two boats may not prove uninteresting:—The Oxford "ship," which is built by Clasper, is 58ft. in length, about 25in. wide, and 9 deep amid-ships, 8in. deep forward, and 7½ aft. The Cambridge craft, by Waite, is the same length as the Oxford boat, but is only 24in. wide, and 7½ deep at the stern. Appended are the latest weights of the two crews:—

CAMBRIDGE.

P. J. Hibbert (Lady Margaret) (bow) .....	11st. 6lb.
2. W. B. Close (Trinity) .....	11st. 10lb.
3. G. C. Dicker (Trinity) .....	11st. 11lb.
4. W. G. Mitchell (Trinity) .....	11st. 13lb.
5. E. A. Phillips (Jesus) .....	12st. 7lb.
6. J. A. Aylmer (Trinity) .....	12st. 12lb.
7. C. E. Benson (Trinity) .....	11st. 7lb.
H. E. Rhodes (Jesus) (stroke) .....	11st. 12lb.
G. L. Davis (Clare) (cox.) .....	6st. 10lb.

OXFORD.

H. M'D. Courtney (Pembroke) (bow) .....	11st. 11lb.
2. H. P. Marriott (Brasenose) .....	11st. 10lb.
3. J. E. Bankes (University) .....	11st. 12lb.
4. A. M. Mitchison (Pembroke) .....	12st. 12lb.
5. H. J. Stayner (St. John's) .....	12st. 2lb.
6. M. Boustad (University) .....	12st. 6lb.
7. T. C. Edwards-Moss (Brasenose) .....	12st. 3lb.
J. P. Way (Brasenose) (stroke) .....	10st. 12lb.
M. Hopwood (Christ Church) (cox.) .....	8st. 4lb.

EXON.

STUD NEWS.

Duncombe Park Paddocks.—Arrived to Cape Flyaway: Lord Bateman's Gipsy Girl, in foal to Moulsey.

Kentford House, near Newmarket.—Feb. 27, Mr. Balchin's Ma Vie, a colt foal by Westminster, and will be put to him again.

At Bonchill Paddocks, on Feb. 28, Happy Thought, a bay filly by Pero Gomez. March 3, Coup-de-Grace, a brown colt by Pero Gomez. March 4, Mr. Weaver's Prosperity, a bay colt by Pero Gomez. All the above mares will be put to him again.

At Faggoters, Harlow, on Feb. 26, Lady Montague, a colt foal by Mars, and will be put to him again; Alberta and Fury have also arrived to him.

At Burghley Paddocks, on March 2, Lord Exeter's Valley, by St. Albans out of Vallation, a bay colt by Knight of St. Patrick, and will be put to him again.

At the Stud Company's Farm, Cobham, Surrey.—March 6—The Stud Company's Jocosa, a colt by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again. The Stud Company's Lucy Bertram, a filly by Paul Jones, and will be put to Blair Athol. 8—Arrived to Wild Oats: Major Bradford's Nannie Thormanby. 9—Lord Rosslyn's Euphorbia, dam of Eucalyptis, a colt by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Blair Athol: Duke of Westminster's Clemence, in foal to King Tom. Arrived to Macaroni: Sir Tatton Sykes's Little Agnes, Mr. R. Combe's Cauldron.

Hunting.

LORD COVENTRY'S HOUNDS.—On Monday the meet of this pack was at Powick. Trotted on to the covert by Powick Church; and was drawn blank. We then moved off for Lords Wood, which was also drawn blank. Trotted on to Bush Hills, where there is always a fox to give a good run. Broke away sharp at a rattling pace over the railroad and across along the top of Rock Hill, on for Leigh Sinton; turned back sharp to the left, and made across the railroad again close by Braces Leigh, and soon afterwards made over the line again, and a train coming up at the time, the hounds had to be thrown off; but his Lordship, with the usual skill and judgment, soon put them on his track again, as he was making along at a good pace and pointing for the ashbeds, when he turned away sharp to the left, near to Bush Hills on for Lords Wood. Pug then turned back across the line again and came back by the Bear and Ragged Staff at Bransford, where he was lost for a time; but the hounds were soon on him again, but was lost after about three hours' run.

WORCESTERSHIRE HOUNDS.—The meet of this pack was at Kenswick on Friday week, and a large field assembled to have a run with this famous pack. The first draw was at the Kedges, but this covert was unfortunately drawn blank. We then made a move across the road, and drew the coverts in the direction of the Peg House, but failed until we came up to the Sneyd, which is most always a sure find. The fox was viewed in an instant, and, after running him in covert for a short time, we forced him to break across the road, and soon afterwards followed suit across Time, which caused the hounds to be driven off. Our next draw was at Crown East covert, the property of that much respected gentleman Mr. Henry Bramwell. Drew the big wood blank, so a move was made for Mr. J. T. Muttow's covert, at Oldbury; but we were sorry to find it blank. A trot was then enjoyed so far as another lover of fox-hunting, Mr. Henry Ashton's place, and here we were fully recouped for our journey. We had no sooner thrown the hounds in than the well-known "Tally-ho" was to be heard with great pleasure. It was not only a fox, but a brace. Away we went at a rattling pace, and Pug soon made to the left, and across the road by the Bell at Broadheath, then on in the direction of Kenswick, when the fox turned again and made over the road by the brook side, through Monkwood, and on for Newtown, where the fox was lost. Scent was poor for the greater part of the day.

BILLY BARLOW.

ELEPHANT-HUNTING AT SOFALA.

READER, if you do not know Sofala, but by some extraordinary chance should desire to do so, I say to you in the language of the immortal Punch, "Don't." It is difficult to imagine a more horrible place than this African village, situated on the Mozambique canal, opposite the island of Madagascar. Its name appears to be, in Hebrew and in Arabic, "pays bas," and it consists of a swamp at the embouchure of the river Sofala, where only alligators and hippopotami can possibly stand the malaria that ever hangs over this miserable land.

I was staying in Sofala with a Portuguese merchant who carried on an ivory trade in rather a strange manner. Every tusk, which was brought from the interior, was carried by two or more negroes, according to its weight, who were all embarked on board the dhows which made the passage between the mainland and Madagascar. Whether it arose from carelessness on the part of the captains, or that the island possessed

peculiar attractions, I know not, but, strange to say, none of the negroes who invariably accompanied the ivory on the voyage ever made their reappearance at Sofala. My friend was also a merchant of black ivory.

I had always been desirous of killing an elephant, and at Sofala I had plenty of chances, as not a week passed without their coming to drink at the river; and one morning, under the guidance of one of my host's servants, named Joseph, who came from Settite, in Abyssinia, I started to intercept a herd, who had been seen roaming about the neighbourhood for some days. After a tramp of some hours we came in sight of the huge animals, who were coming along slowly in our direction and flapping their great ears. There were about twenty females, led by three bulls with enormous tusks. Suddenly two of the latter, leaving the charge of the females to the third, who appeared the Nestor of the tribe, approached us, although appearing uneasy, as if aware of our presence. We awaited their coming with our rifles ready and kneeling, being concealed behind some bushes; and as they approached and I contemplated their immense proportions I felt that my trouble and labour had not been thrown away. They were evidently quite aware of our presence in the cover, for their trunks were extended in our direction, and they made directly for our ambuscade. Taking deliberate aim as they approached, I fired, and Joseph's shot immediately followed, and scarcely had we ensconced ourselves behind the palm-trees when they tore past. As they continued their route without stopping I feared that my aim had been untrue or that the bullet had glanced off the forehead, when, all at once, one of them stumbled and fell on his knees, and, after trying to drag himself forward, fell his whole length on the sand with a heavy groan. His companion halted a moment, and, touching the body with his trunk and fore-foot, seemed at once to understand that he was past aid, and continued his way at a great pace.

Soon afterwards the rest of my followers appeared, a blazing fire was lighted, and the best parts of the elephant were grilled. Happily there was enough meat for all. Perhaps you will ask me if it was good—*Dame*, that depends upon taste, and also upon the sauce. I can assure you that a grill *à la saignante* is not to be despised at Sofala, especially after a fast of twenty-four hours. In the morning the tusks, which weighed close upon a hundred pounds each, were taken out, and our return resembled a triumphal march. Only, when we arrived, my escort disappeared with the ivory with that unanimity of action which characterised all their movements; and I returned, accompanied by Joseph, having retained of my chase only *le simple souvenir*.

G. DE TREGOMAIN.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.

A MEETING of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held, on Thursday week, at its house, John-street, Adelphi—the Duke of Northumberland, president of the institution, in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, the second-service clasp of the institution was granted to Mr. William Corkhill, late coxswain of its Padstow life-boat, in acknowledgment of his long and valuable services in that boat. Rewards amounting to £243 were also granted to the crews of the life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the recent stormy weather, when eighty lives were saved from different wrecks and two vessels rescued from destruction. The silver medal of the institution, and its thanks inscribed on vellum, were voted to Mr. Ritchie, farmer, at Sanda Island, N.B., and £5 2s. to some other men, in acknowledgment of the services rendered by them in saving nine persons from the barque Perica, of Glasgow, wrecked on the island on Jan. 2 last. The silver medal and vellum thanks were granted to Mr. Lose, chief officer of her Majesty's coast-guard at Swanage, and £1 each to twelve other coastguardmen, for saving the crew of six men of the brigantine Wild Wave, of Exeter, wrecked on Peveril Ledge on Jan. 23. The thanks of the institution, inscribed on vellum, were presented to Mr. James Tickell, chief boatman in charge of her Majesty's Coastguard at Bude, in acknowledgment of his services on the occasion of the wreck of the smack Charlotte, of Padstow, in Widemouth Bay, on Dec. 6 last. The thanks inscribed on vellum were also voted to Lieutenant John Winchester, R.N.R., and £1 each to three other men, for their efforts to save the crew of the barque John George, of Antwerp, wrecked near Bamborough Castle on Dec. 9, who were ultimately rescued by the North Sunderland life-boat of the institution. Other rewards were granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts, and payments amounting to £1775 were made on some of the 242 life-boat establishments of the society. Altogether, the institution has contributed during the past three months to the saving of 432 lives from wrecks on our coasts. Various donations and legacies had been forwarded to the institution. A new life-boat establishment was ordered to be formed at Swanage, on the coast of Dorset, where a shipwreck recently took place. Reports were read from Captains Ward, Robertson, and C. G. Jones, R.N., inspectors of life-boats to the institution, on their recent visits to the coast.

WE are sorry to have to record the death of the wife of Mr. S. C. Lister, Fairfield Hall, Yorkshire, of coursing celebrity. The deceased lady contracted a cold at the late Waterloo meeting, from which she never rallied, dying very suddenly, at Southport, last Thursday. April 3 had been fixed as the date for the inauguration of the statue to Mr. Lister, now being erected by the Corporation at Manningham Park, Bradford, Yorkshire, but in consequence of this melancholy event it has now been postponed.

LORD ROSEBERY'S Nom de Guerre, by St. Albans out of Furiosa, and Mr. Vyner's Propinquity, by Lord Clifden out of Affinity, both two-year-olds, 8st each, are matched to run half a mile, 50 sovs; h. ft., on Tuesday in the Epsom Spring Meeting.

SPENNYMOOR RACES.—We understand that arrangements have been made by Mr. Robinson, of the Voltigeur Inn, Spennymoor, with the lessee of the racecourse, and the South Durham Meeting will be held, as usual, on the racecourse on May 17 and 18. Three hundred pounds will be given in added money by the committee.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND BERWICKSHIRE HUNT.—Mr. Askew a few months ago tendered his resignation as master of this hunt, and a committee was appointed to confer with the subscribers as to a successor. We understand that Sir John Marjoribanks will be the new master. The sale of the stud, &c., is to take place at Coldstream in May.

ISLE OF WIGHT STEEPLECHASES.—New ground has been obtained near Appleford this year, which the committee trust will be found superior for racing to the old course at Gatcombe. With the exception of a few yards of plough, the whole track is grass and pasture, also light going, and with no objectionable fences. The committee also hope that, the programme being liberal, entries will be numerous. Horses will be conveyed from Southampton or Portsmouth and back free. The passage is very short, and no accident has ever yet occurred to animals *en route* to the Isle of Wight Steeplechases.



NEW ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE DEMERARIAN COCK OF THE ROCK  
(*RUPICOLA CROCEA*).

In our Issue, Feb. 13, a notice appeared in the article upon the "Cotingiada" of the habits of one of the species of cock of the rock (*Rupicola peruana*), to which we beg to refer, as the habits of the two species, as far as they are known, agree in every particular, except that they inhabit different localities—the species now figured being found most numerous in Demerara, while the *R. peruana* is principally an inhabitant of Peru. The males only possess the fine rich and beautiful colour, varying in richness from a pale orange to a deep crimson; the females are of one uniform dull and dirty-brown colour. The living bird now exhibited in the society's gardens was brought to England by a Dr. Thorp, who says during the time it was in his possession it frequently uttered its loud and remarkable call-notes from which the bird takes its name.

THE SILVER-BACKED FOX  
(*CANIS CHAMA*).

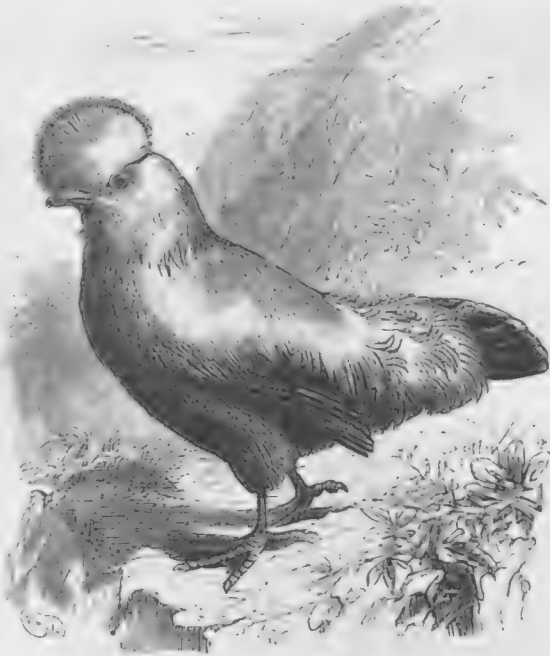
This extremely rare and delicate fox is the first of the kind ever exhibited in the Zoological Society's Gardens. A single specimen in the British Museum was the means by which the species was recognised and identified. In size it is considerably smaller than the common fox, little exceeding in size the beautiful Fenec fox of Egypt; and, like the last-named animal, its ears are very large. It is a native of Griqua Land, West-South Africa, and was presented to the society by H. N. B. Willis Good, Esq.

Football.

ENGLAND V. SCOTLAND.

This international match was played at Kennington-oval on Saturday, when the best players of the "dribbling" game from either country were opposed, and a splendid contest resulted, but victory rested with neither, each obtaining a couple of goals. Notwithstanding the wet weather there was an immense gathering of spectators, and the play was better than could have been anticipated. Scotland lost the loss for choice of goals, and their opponents selecting the Harleyford-road end, compelled them to kick off at twenty minutes past three o'clock from the goal nearest the gas works. Good play was exhibited by both sides, and though Scotland appeared the lightest team, they held their own for twenty-five minutes, there being little to choose between the teams. At last a plea of hands was put in by England, and Birley made the free kick which placed the ball close to the Scotch goal, and Bonsor was fortunate enough to pass it under the line. After ends were changed, Scotland had the wind in their favour, and within ten minutes of the change some good runs were made by two or three of the representatives of the "land o' cakes," their zeal being rewarded with a goal kicked by McNeill. Once more England had the wind at their backs, which enabled them to keep the ball well within the Scotch lines; but the Scotchmen, who were very fast players, every now and then got away, and on several occasions Carr, the goal-keeper, was put on his mettle to keep them at bay; but, taken on the whole, the contest was very even. In this way play continued one hour, when a corner kick accrued to England, which was intrusted to Von Donop, who sent the ball well in front of the Scotch goal, and it glanced off Alcock's breast under the line. Again Scotland had the wind in their

favour, and they, in turn, penned the Englishmen, whose fortress succumbed in five minutes after in a very similar manner to the fall of the previous goal. Each side had now obtained a couple of goals, and the excitement became very great, the partisans of both sides cheering on their representatives in the most vigorous manner. Both teams played with great determination, and were almost on an equality, the Englishmen having but a trifle the best of it; and when time was called there was little to choose, neither side being able to make any farther score. Of individual play, perhaps it would be invidious to speak when all did their best. The Scotchmen were good runners, and they had a very excellent goal-keeper,



DEMERARIAN COCK OF THE ROCK.

whose office was by no means a sinecure. The Englishmen all played well, but, owing to the greasy nature of the turf, "dribbling," which is their specialty, was almost out of the question. Major F. A. Marindin, of the Royal Engineers, and president of the Football Association, was umpire for England; Mr. J. C. Mackay, hon. sec. of the Scottish Football Association, officiated for Scotland; and Mr. A. Stair, Upton Park Club, and assistant hon. sec. of the Football Association, was referee. The Englishmen, who represented different clubs, adopted various costumes; but the Scotchmen all wore blue jerseys, with a lion in red on the left breast, and white knickerbockers. Sides:—  
England: C. W. Alcock (Wanderers) (captain), A. G. Bonsor (Old Etonians) and H. E. Rawson (Royal Engineers) (centres), P. G. Von Donop (Royal Engineers) and R. L. Geaves (Clapham Rovers) (lower side), Hubert Heron (Wanderers), C. H. Wollaston (Wanderers), and W. S. Rawson (Oxford University) (upper side), F. H. Birley (Wanderers)

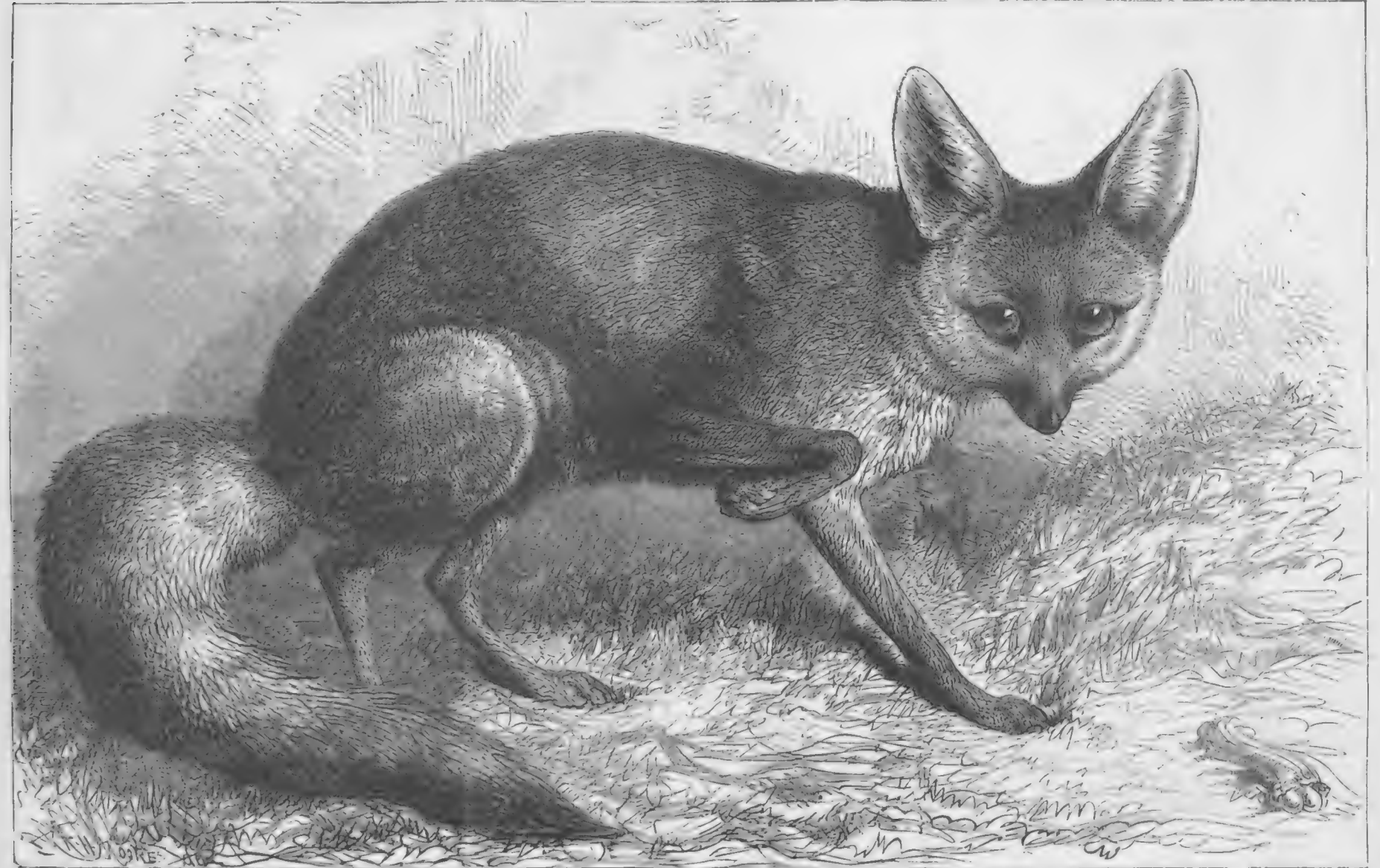
(half-back), E. B. Haygarth (Swifts) (back), and W. H. Carr (Sheffield) (goal-keeper).  
Scotland: J. Taylor (Queen's Park) (captain) and J. Hunter (Eastern) (backs), McClinton (Vale of Leven) and A. Kennedy (Eastern) (half-backs), R. Gardner (Clydesdale) (goal), J. Weir (Queen's Park), W. McKinnon (Queen's Park), T. C. Hight (Queen's Park), and H. McNeill (Queen's Park), P. Andrew (Eastern) and J. McPherson (Clydesdale) (forwards).

MATCH BETWEEN THE BARGES  
GUNDULPH AND CHALLENGER.

The unloaded match between these barges for £50 a side, over a course from Strood Pier, round the West Oaze Buoy, and back to a boat off Chatham Point, came off on Wednesday week, the 3rd inst.  
The Gundulph (51 tons) is the property of Mr. J. Boalding, of Rochester, and the Challenger (42 tons) is owned by Mr. S. Burford, of Chatham.  
The start, originally fixed for nine a.m., was effected some thirty seconds later, and the craft went on their way with a slashing E.N.E. breeze—and the promise of more "outside"—displaying their "chimes" in style. In Chatham Reach Challenger, on the lee shore on the starboard tack, sung out for water, and went about. The hail was unfortunately misunderstood on board the Gundulph, who held on, on the other tack, and the result was a foul, Challenger coming out of it with about two feet of his bowsprit left outside the stem. This mishap virtually terminated the match; but the referee, on being appealed to, ordered the race to proceed. Challenger promptly got the wreck on board and rigged out his small jib on a jury bowsprit, determined to make a good fight of it. Gundulph, however, passed Garrison Point, Sheerness, ten or twelve minutes ahead, carrying a large jib that seemed to bury him when he got into the "lumpy" outside. Then a misfortune befell him; for his bowsprit carried away when about abreast of Sheerness Middle Buoy. The wreck got under the forefoot, and before it could be cleared Challenger, who had housed his topmast and made all snug aloft soon after coming out from the "Ness," went out on his weather, and rounded the beacon-buoy of the West Oaze nearly 11 min. ahead, the official times of rounding being

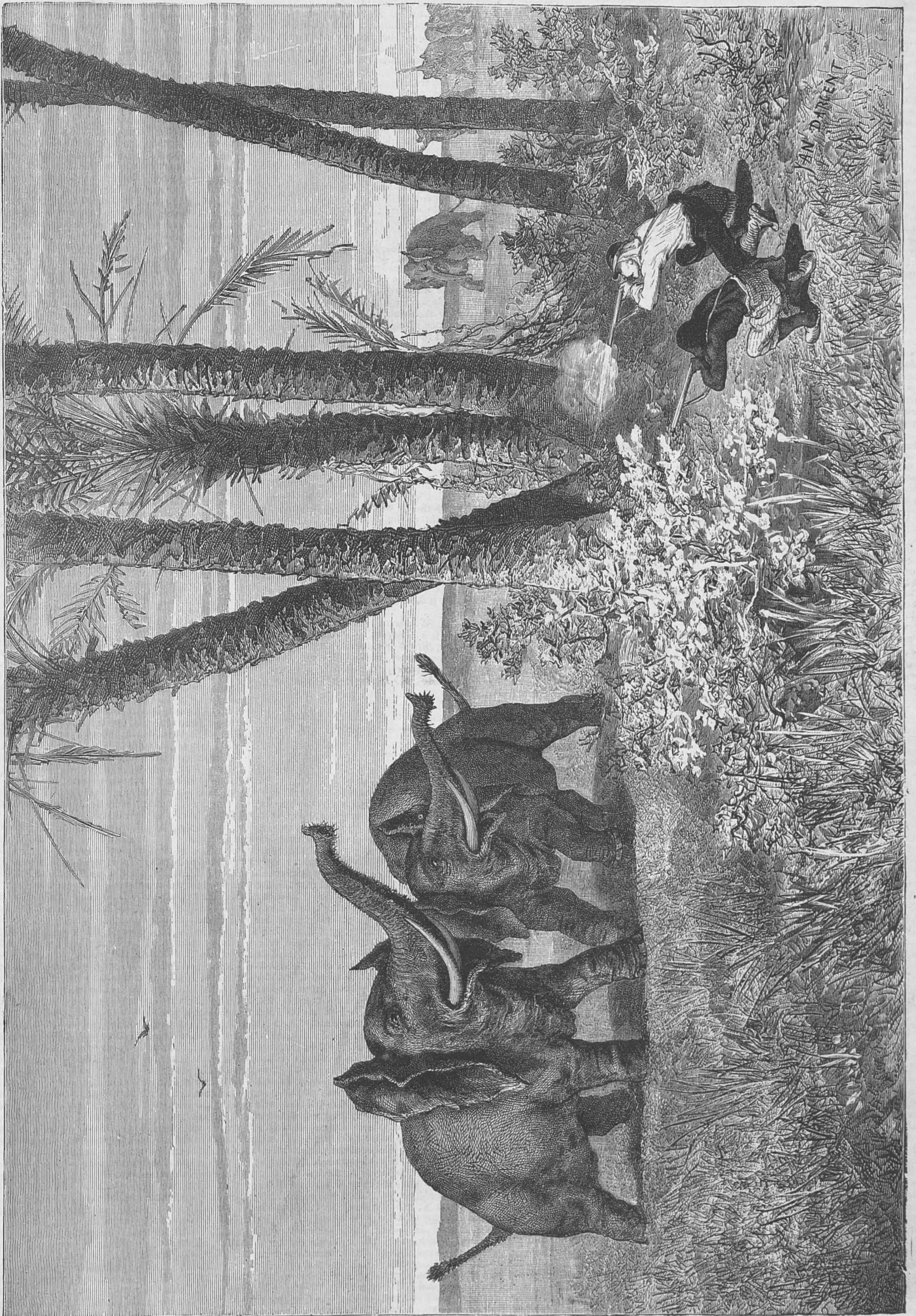
	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
Challenger .....	2 0 55	Gundulph .....	2 11 0
The run home was soon got over, Challenger increasing the lead, and winning by 21 min., times of arrival at Chatham being			
	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
Challenger .....	3 15 0	Gundulph .....	3 36 0

Challenger coming in first, the protest was not urged. With regard to the craft, we may remark that they are remarkably handsome vessels, and about as unlike barges—in the common acceptance of the term—as it is possible to imagine, or, as a gentleman on board the committee boat said, "If they are barges, where do you find your yachts?" The barges were matched to race long before they were launched—in fact, when they were up in frame; and the concluding race (loaded) will take place on Wednesday, 17th inst., each vessel taking in 90 tons of stones.  
Two steamers—City of Rochester (committee) and Alma—accompanied the race; Mr. T. Griffith, of *Bell's Life*, officiating as referee. Gundulph was sailed by—Reilly, late mate, and Challenger by Harry Mums, late skipper, of the Anglo-Norman. Mr. M. Barnes, of Chatham, catered in his usual excellent style; and everything passed off satisfactorily.  
H. G. T.



SILVER-BACKED FOX.





ELEPHANT SHOOTING AT SOFALA.

BY G. DE JONGH.



## Billiards.

THERE were numerous exhibition games last week; but public interest has been so completely centred in the two great matches of Monday and Tuesday last that we may safely pass over the "little-ones" with the remark that Joseph Bennett and Stanley met on Saturday for the first time on even terms. The Crystal Palace was the scene of the contest, and, though both were in poor play, the ex-champion won very easily indeed. Writing of the pyramid championship, we remarked last week that, "if it is too much to expect him (Richards) to defeat the champion, he is, at any rate, sure to make a very good fight of it." This proved strictly correct, and the layers of such ridiculous odds as 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on Cook must have felt very uncomfortable during the greater portion of the evening. We have no hesitation in saying that Richards's hazard-striking was decidedly superior to his opponent's; but he did not play with such good strength, while the luck was unquestionably against him throughout. In the very first game, one of the red balls, which ought to have stopped safely under the bottom cushion, ran frightfully foul, and hung right over a pocket. Cook, of course, put it in, and, obtaining good position, won the game off the reel with a break of eight. In the sixteenth game Richards took seven balls in beautiful form, one or two of them being very nasty shots indeed, and the result depended entirely on the last ball. They had three or four strokes each at single pool, and then Richards most unluckily ran in. This was a very critical game, as, had the latter won, the score would have stood—"Richards, nine games, Cook, seven;" instead of which Ingarfield had to call, "Eight all." This piece of luck improved Cook's play wonderfully, while it exercised a correspondingly depressing effect on Richards; and, as the former went out for several "death or victory" strokes, all of which he brought off successfully, the last three games were very one-sided, the Champion thus retaining the shield by eleven games to eight, and taking altogether 107 balls, while his opponent put down 87. We have frequently seen Cook play a much better game; but we believe he was far from well, and under these circumstances, he was very fortunate to get out of several bad strokes as well as he did, the white ball on four or five occasions kissing two or three of the red ones, and yet leaving nothing for Richards. We are indebted to the *Sporting Life* for the following capital summary of the match:—

FIRST GAME.—Richards, 0 1 0 0 0—1; Cook, 0 0 0 0 8—8. Cook won by 8 to 1.  
SECOND GAME.—Cook, 0 3 0—3; Richards, 0 0 8—8. Richards won by 8 to 3.  
THIRD GAME.—Richards, 0 1 2 0 0 1 0 0 2 0—6; Cook, 0 1 1 0 0 6 0 0 1—8. Cook won by 8 to 6.  
FOURTH GAME.—Cook, 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 (ran in) 2 1 0 0 1—4; Richards, 0 0 0 2 3 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2—8. Richards won by 8 to 4.  
FIFTH GAME.—Richards, 0 0 0 0 0 0—(miss) 8 to 0—owe 2; Cook, 0 2 1 0 0 2 0 0 0 3—8. Cook won by 8 to owe 2.  
SIXTH GAME.—Cook, 0 0 0 6 2—8; Richards, 0 0 0 4—4. Cook won by 8 to 4.  
SEVENTH GAME.—Cook, 0—(owe 1) 2—1; Richards, 0 2 6—8. Richards won by 8 to 1.  
EIGHTH GAME.—Richards, 0 0—(owe 1) 0 6 1 2—8; Cook, 0 0 0 1 0 1—2. Richards won by 8 to 2.  
NINTH GAME.—Richards, 0 2 3 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1—8; Cook, 0 2 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0—(ran in)—4. Richards won by 8 to 4.  
TENTH GAME.—Richards, 0 0 0 0 0 0 6 0 2—8; Cook, 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0—2. Richards won by 8 to 2.  
ELEVENTH GAME.—Richards, 0 1 0 0—1; Cook, 0 6 0 2—8. Cook won by 8 to 1.  
TWELFTH GAME.—Cook, 0 0 6 2—8; Richards, 0 0 0—0. Cook won by 8 to love.  
THIRTEENTH GAME.—Cook, 0 3 0 0 2 3—8; Richards, 0 0 0 0 4—4. Cook won by 8 to 4.  
FOURTEENTH GAME.—Cook, 0 0—(miss) 0 0 0—0; Richards, 0 0 2 0—(went in) 0 0 7—8. Richards won by 8 to love.  
FIFTEENTH GAME.—Richards, 0 2 0 2—(went in) 3 0 2—8; Cook, 0 0 0 0 0 3—3. Richards won by 8 to 3.  
SIXTEENTH GAME.—Richards, 0 0 0 0 0 0 7 0 0—7; Cook, 2 0 0 2 0 3 0 0 1—8. Cook won by 8 to 7.  
SEVENTEENTH GAME.—Cook, 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 5 0 1—8; Richards, 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—(miss) 0—(went in)—0. Cook won by 8 to love.  
EIGHTEENTH GAME.—Cook, 0 3 0 0 0 5—8; Richards, 0 0 0 0 0 0—0. Cook won by 8 to love.  
NINETEENTH GAME.—Cook, 0 0 2—(went in) 5 0 0 2—8; Richards, 0 1 0 1 0 0—2. Cook won by 8 to 2.

On the following evening the large—and, we must say, very badly-ventilated—banqueting-hall at the Guildhall Tavern was crowded to the ceiling, the great four-handed match exciting an immense amount of interest. We need hardly repeat the terms of the match, which were that Cook and Roberts should concede Taylor and Stanley a start of 300 in 1500, for £200 a side. Those who were lucky enough to be present witnessed such an exhibition of the game as may never be seen again. As a rule, men cannot play within many points of their real form in a four-handed match, as the tedious delay between each of their innings puts them off. On this occasion, however, each of the four was seen at his very best; and few, we think, will dispute their right to be considered the best players in England. Cook and his partner were decidedly favourites at the start, 6 to 4 being freely laid on them. It would answer no good purpose to give a detailed account of the game, the chief points of which are by this time well known to every admirer of billiards, so we need only notice the salient features of it. As is almost invariably the case, all four were slow at the start; and Cook was the first to warm to his work, with breaks of 67 (11) and 75 and 67. Then Stanley got position, and did not stop putting down the red until he had contributed a splendidly-played 210 (21 and 43), which once more gave "the boys" their original lead. This state of affairs, however, was of short duration, as Cook, making two grand breaks of 185 (51) and 150 (8 and 34), took the lead for the first time; and, as Roberts at last got a fair chance and quickly ran up 84 (18), the score at the interval stood 781 to 666, the champion and partner having made 781 while the others were amassing 366.

During the "twenty minutes for refreshments" the betting was 5 to 1 on the leaders; though how men can be found to lay such odds against players who make two or three hundred off the balls, and think very little of it, we are at a loss to conceive. During the first part of the game Taylor had little or no chance of making a break; but, on recommencing, the balls were left favourably for him, and he ran up 83 (19); and as in Stanley's next innings he added 52 (12), the gap between the combatants was speedily closed. It was now Roberts's turn, and he made decidedly the prettiest break of the match—280 (17, 11, and 42). Twice he lost position, and twice regained it by some of his splendid all-round play. This crushing blow seemed to decide the game, but Taylor rapidly altered the aspect of affairs by getting on the spot and making a superb 345 (11 and 91). During the manipulation of this break there was a very unfortunate dispute. Taylor had scored about 230, when in bringing down his cue, preparatory to making a spot-stroke, he just touched his own ball; and, to the surprise of the room, Roberts claimed a foul. There was no referee—a most extraordinary circumstance in a match of such importance; and there was at once a slight wrangle among the spectators—cries of "foul" and "no foul" coming from all parts of the

room. The printed rules were brought up and read aloud, a very useless proceeding to our mind, as, of course, all the players knew them by heart; and, finally, the question was put, to the room, when, as a matter of course, Taylor obtained a crushing majority. Oddly enough, a case which was virtually the same occurred during the American Tournament, and we reproduce our remarks on it, together with the letter which was signed by Cook, Roberts, and four other players:—"A very unfortunate affair occurred in the game between Taylor and Kilkenny on Monday evening. The former had made nineteen spot hazards, and appeared well set for a long break, when, in the act of taking aim, he moved his ball slightly. He of course replaced it, and was about to play on, when, to the astonishment of all in the room, Kilkenny claimed a foul, and, to their still greater astonishment, Mr. G. F. Pardon, who was acting as referee, allowed the claim. It was understood that the tournament should be played under the ordinary revised rules published by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, and number twenty-nine of this code says:—'If when moving the cue backwards and forwards, and prior to a stroke, it touches and moves the player's ball, the ball must be replaced to the satisfaction of the adversary, otherwise it is a foul stroke.' Now this clearly means that if the player moves his ball, and makes the stroke *without replacing it*, a foul stroke may be claimed, and this reading is indorsed by Joseph Bennett, Cook, and all the great authorities on the game with whom we have spoken on the subject; but Mr. Pardon maintains that if the opponent declines to be satisfied with the position in which the ball is replaced he can claim a foul. We think that rule 30, which follows the one we have quoted above, entirely negatives this view. It is:—'Or, if in taking aim the player moves his ball, and causes it to strike another, even without intending at the time to make a stroke, a *foul stroke may be claimed* by the adversary.' Here it is expressly stated that a foul may be claimed, and the plain inference is, that under the former rule it cannot be claimed. The same thing has occurred twice since Monday, Timbrell and Roberts each moving their ball; but neither Cook nor Joseph Bennett, who were their respective opponents, thought of claiming a foul."

SIR,—When I appealed to the referee on Monday last I was not aware of the existence of Rule No. 29, or of course I should not have done so. On being informed by Mr. Cook, the champion, that the stroke in question was not foul, I immediately apologised for my mistake. Thanking your correspondent for the kind way in which he exonerated me from any intentional unfairness, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
LOUIS KILKENNY.

SIR,—In justice to your correspondent, we think it but right to inform you that in our opinion there is no doubt that the stroke in question was not a foul stroke.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,  
W. COOK.  
J. BENNETT.  
JOHN ROBERTS, JUN.  
WM. TIMBRELL.  
ALFRED BENNETT.  
S. W. STANLEY.

After having signed this letter, it was most remarkable that Cook and his partner should ever have made the objection, and there is no doubt that the decision of the majority was perfectly right, though the plan of putting a question to the room is very ridiculous, as at least ten out of twenty average spectators know nothing whatever of the rules of billiards, and merely vote according to their sympathies. This break once more gave the "young 'uns" the lead, and, considering the circumstances under which it was made, it was about the best performance we ever witnessed on a billiard table, and we are scarcely likely to be told again that Taylor "has no nerve." After such an effort as this it was very hard to be beaten, yet, as Roberts put together 126 (37), and Cook contributed 87 (13 and 10) and 128 (36), they eventually won by 190 points, Taylor's and Stanley's last breaks of importance numbering 71 (19) and 55 (16) respectively. After such brilliant play "all round," criticism would be invidious, and we can only repeat that each man was seen at his very best.

The labours of marking and spotting the red ball were very satisfactorily performed by David Ingarfield and young "Oxford Jonathan."

## Athletic Sports.

THE late severe weather has interfered with the annual University sports both at Oxford and Cambridge, and postponements of both have taken place; while the paths at Marston and Fenny were so bad that great allowance must be made for the poor times accomplished in several of the races. Once more Cambridge seems to possess a very good quarter-miler in A. R. Lewis (Corpus), who won very easily in 51 2-5sec. F. Jefferson (Trinity Hall) is also likely to do the "Light Blues" credit at Lillie-bridge, as he secured both the Mile and the Three Miles, in 4min 44sec and 16min 6 2-5sec respectively. We fancy that he will probably run for the longer race at the Inter-University Sports, as C. C. Cumberbatch (Trinity), who won the Half Mile in 2min 4sec, and W. Collier (Jesus) were a very good second and third in the Mile. The sprinters must all be moderate, as C. C. Woodland (Corpus) could only beat W. C. R. Bedford (Clare) by half a yard, and the latter was never within three or four yards of a really first-rate man. The same remark also applies to the hurdle-jumpers, as A. B. Loder only beat Bedford after a dead-heat, with S. Roberts (Trinity), who at one time promised to make a good man, third. The High Jump was a very fair performance, S. A. Walker (Trinity) clearing 5ft 5 1/2in, and Loder was only an inch behind. At Oxford the most important feature was the defeat of E. A. Sandford (Christ Church) in the Mile by E. R. J. Nicolls (Christ Church). The race was entirely confined to the pair, and Nicolls just beat his opponent for speed in the run in. The time—4min 37 1-5sec—was very good, considering that the path was a perfect swamp. Sandford ought also to have been beaten in the Half Mile, as C. H. T. Metcalf (University) held the lead until within a dozen yards of the tape, when he unfortunately fell. S. S. Brown (St. John's) seems in his old form at Putting the Weight, and he also beat the hitherto invincible Game at throwing the cricket-ball. The 100 Yards fell to E. C. Myddleton-Evans (Magdalen), but we fancy the competitors were only moderate; and T. Snow (New) had matters so entirely his own way in the Quarter Mile that it is impossible to say what time he could have done if fully extended. M. Brooks (Brasenose), the amateur champion high jumper, got over 5ft 8 1/2in; but the most important event of the third day was the victory of C. W. L. Bulpert (Trinity) in the Three Miles, which he covered in 15min 59sec. No doubt he is a greatly improved man; still W. R. H. Stevenson (New), who was second, must either have lost his form or be very short of work. From the result of the two meetings we have no doubt that Oxford will win the majority of events at the Inter-University Sports, and next week we shall give a list of the competitors and attempt to point out the winners.

This (Saturday) afternoon the metropolitan season will be inaugurated by the First Spring Meeting of the London Athletic Club at Lillie-bridge. The entries are fairly numerous, considering how few Londoners are yet in work, and some first-rate names figure among them. The first heat is set for three p.m.

The sparring for the Marquis of Queensberry's Cup will take place on Thursday next, and the Inter-University Sports on the following day.

## Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, March 10.

THE third Auteuil steeplechase réunion, which took place last Sunday, spite of the execrable weather, was far more numerously attended than one might have expected. The day was an unlucky one for the bookmakers—three out of the four races run being gained by the favourites. The single exception was in the case of the Prix de Suresnes, with which the meeting opened. Considerable sums had been laid on Altorf and Marche-Mal, but Count Delamarre's La Grône took up the running in the first instance, and, although Altorf made a rush near home, came in a winner by a good head. La Grône had run so badly of late that very few people bet upon her, the odds against her before the start being 5 to 1. Altorf secured the second place, and Contrébande was a bad third. The "Prix de Mars," which ensued, was very nearly won by Count Delamarre's Tarbes, who, after running a waiting race, put on the spur a few seconds too late; as matters stood, the victor was Provost Marshal, who has been running very creditably recently, and on whom large sums had been staked. I would scarcely venture, however, to predict his victory were he and Tarbes to run a match together. Slender, delicately proportioned Cognac, the best steeplechaser of the year, won the Prix de Billancourt by a couple of lengths, and without the least difficulty, his adversaries, Bolero and No Good, and especially the latter, running in the most disgraceful style. The Prix de Viaduc, with which the réunion closed, was gained by Baron Finot's Coureuse de Nuit, Count Delamarre's Echevin obtaining second honours; the third place being secured by M. Hennessy's Andace, who, it will be recollected, defeated, a few weeks ago, both Coureuse and Echevin, and on whom in this instance considerable sums had been staked. There will be a fourth steeplechase réunion at Auteuil next Sunday.

The theatrical novelty of the week has been MM. Bizet, Meilhac, and Halévy's *Carmen*, the first performance of which took place the other day at the Opéra Comique. *Carmen* will not, I fancy, enjoy a very long run. The music is invariably of a high order of merit, and at times particularly charming and original; but the libretto, borrowed from one of Mérimée's *nouvelles*, is far from being attractive. It is impossible to take any interest in the amours of a deserter and a courtesan. The only pleasing character in the piece is 'Micaëla'—who, if I recollect rightly, did not figure in Mérimée's novelté. Some of the couplets sung by Madame Galli-Marié, who plays the part of 'Carmen' with great tact and talent, are excessively pretty. Here is the first verse of one of her songs—a perfect *bijou*, and which you may be sure will in a few weeks be sung in every Paris *salon*:—

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle,  
Que nul ne peut apprivoiser;  
Et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle,  
S'il lui convient de refuser.  
Rien n'y fait; menace ou prière.  
L'un parle bien, l'autre se tait;  
Et c'est l'autre que je préfère;  
Il n'a rien dit, mais il me plaît!  
L'amour est enfant de Bohême  
Il n'a jamais connu de loi  
Si tu ne m'aimes pas je t'aime!  
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

The music to which these words have been set is extremely charming. MM. Lhéry, Bouhy, and Invernoy play, I may mention, the leading masculine rôles in *Carmen*.

The Comédie Française, where the *Fille de Roland* still obtains a very great success, has revived, this week, Scribe's *Verre d'Eau* for the *rentrée* of Bressant, whom illness has greatly aged and changed. Still he got through the part of 'Bolingbroke' in a very creditable manner, and was much applauded by the select public which attended the first performance. Next Tuesday there will be a revival of *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*, with Bressant as the 'Duc de Richelieu,' Febvre as the 'Chevalier d'Aubigny,' Mdle. Croizette as the 'Marquise de Prie,' and Mdle. Broisat as 'Mdle. de Belle Isle.'

The tenors and baritones of the Grand Opera having at length got rid of their coughs and colds, the promised performance of *Guillaume Tell* took place on Monday evening, Faure playing the part of the hero, Villaret that of 'Arnold,' Belval that of 'Walter,' and Bataille that of 'Gessler.' The new scenery is particularly magnificent and true to nature, but the various personages are costumed in the old traditional and faulty style; the ladies of the ballet, especially, might be far more tastefully attired.

I learn that M. Ogareff, the manager of the Moscow Opera-House, has signed an engagement with M. Bagier by which he rents the Théâtre Italien for three months. He proposes giving performances of Dutch and Souchonin's opera, *A Russian Marriage in the Sixteenth Century*, and intends bringing the whole of his troupe to Paris. The work is a great favourite in Petersburg and Moscow, and, at all events, is sure to obtain a great *succès de curiosité* in the capital of civilisation. The Russian actors and actresses (over fifty in number) will arrive in Paris next Sunday, and the first performance of the piece will take place on or about March 17. The numerous Russians domiciled in Paris are, of course, extremely pleased with the prospect.

Before starting for St. Petersburg, *la diva* Judic signed a fresh contract with M. Comte, by the terms of which she will reappear next September at the Bouffes Parisiens in a new opera comique, entitled *La Créole*—music by Jacques Offenbach, and libretto by Albert Millaud. The mention of Offenbach's name leads me to observe that the success of *Genevieve de Brabant* is still as great as ever. The *maestro* announces for Sunday, the 31st, a gratuitous performance for the benefit of the composers and journeymen printers of the Parisian press—that being, in his opinion, the only manner in which he can fitly recognise the cordial and gracious manner in which the journals of the French capital have invariably noticed his efforts to entertain the public. The idea is an original one, and one will not have the right to be surprised if, at some future time, a compositor declines to set up an article presuming to criticise the author of *La Belle Hélène*.

I announced in a recent letter that the Ambigu intended shortly giving us a new five-act drama, entitled *L'Affaire Tichborne*. I learn to-day that the authors of this piece are MM. Barbant and Crisafulli, and that it is Mdle. Jeanne Andrée who will play the part of the "lost Sir Roger's" mother.

These are eventful times as much from a theatrical as from a political point of view. On Tuesday the Folies-Marigny favoured me with the first performance of an amusing little trifle, *Les jolies femmes de Paris*, the author of which desires to remain *incognito*. This evening there are several *premieres* at the Vaudeville—*Monsieur Margerie*, one act, by M. Riviere; *Une pêche Miramense*, two acts, by MM. Mus and Durantin; *Retour du Japon*, one act, by MM. Delacour and Emy. Tomorrow, moreover, the critics of the Parisian and foreign press



are invited to attend the first performance, at the Folies Dramatiques, of Dubreuil and Cédès opéra-comique, *Clair de Lune*. Finally, on Friday there is Madame Carvalho's *reentrée*—at the Grand Opera—in the part of 'Ophelia' in Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*. E. A. V.

### POLICE.

At the Mansion House on Wednesday, William Henry Walters, forty-two, described as a publican, and Edward Murray, thirty, a clerk, were charged, on remand, with having conspired together, with others unknown, to obtain, by false pretences, from persons resident in France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and Russia certain large sums of money, with intent to defraud. Mr. Poland and Mr. Besley prosecuted on behalf of the Treasury; the prisoners were defended by Mr. Montagu Williams and Mr. Straight. Mr. Louis Lewis, solicitor, watched the proceedings for other persons interested, as did also Mr. Godfrey, solicitor. Mr. Poland stated reasons which had prevented the Treasury authorities making more progress than they had in the collection of evidence for the prosecution; and he paid, in passing, a high compliment to the City police for the assistance which they had rendered on the occasion. Inspector Clarke, recalled, explained that at the offices, 25, Moorgate-street, the name "W. Osborne" was painted on the door, and the occupants, he believed, were described as foreign accountants. Police Inspector John Shore said that he had been at 25, Moorgate-street that morning, and on a part of the street door he found painted "W. Osborne and Co., third floor." On going to the third floor he found a similar inscription. Near a cupboard on the landing of the third floor he saw the words, "Palmerston-buildings during alterations." Detective Police-Sergeant Greenham, from Scotland-yard, said he was acquainted with Italian, and had made a translation from the Italian newspaper advertisement produced, which had reference to a general society for assurance against losses on the turf, stating that the chief office was at 25, Moorgate-street, and the acting manager William Osborne. James Henry Lambert, another detective officer, produced a copy of a Russian newspaper (the *Moscow Times*) containing a similar advertisement, with the difference that the chief office was stated to be at Gresham House. Evidence was given as to an advertisement which had appeared in other foreign newspapers—German among others—referring to what was called "The International Association for Investment on the Turf," in which the responsible directors were stated to be Sydney Clark and others. The same newspapers contained a copy of the prospectus of the association. In one of the prospectuses the company was described as having a central office in London, and branches at Newmarket, Doncaster, Epsom, Richmond, Ascot, Goodwood, Chantilly, and other places. The president was described as "Lord Lennox;" the acting manager, "Wm. Osborne," 25, Moorgate-street; and their bankers, the Bank of England, the London and County Bank, and all their branches. The directors professed themselves desirous to place before the Italian public "the only means by which they could amass a large fortune in a short time and without risk, and to propagate a system which was as yet unknown, as horse-racing had not reached the same extensive proportions there as in England and France." The same prospectus went on to say:—"To remedy a state of things which was daily assuming greater proportions, certain gentlemen well known to the Turf were resolved to put a stop to a monopoly which only bookmakers possessed—that was, of amassing fortunes rapidly and securely; and it was with this view that it was agreed to form a general society for assurance against losses on the Turf." "On the Turf, as on the Exchange," the prospectus went on to say, "capital is the motive power. The larger this is, the greater is the fluctuation of the quotations noticeable. So that with an enormous circulation of capital a perfect knowledge of all the details of the Turf is attained, and thereby success made doubly sure." Other official communications of the company which had been circulated abroad to the same effect were put in evidence; but the above may be taken as a fair specimen of their general purport. Lord William Lennox deposed that he was a member of the Richmond family, and that there was no such title as "Lord Lennox." He was so called by strangers who did not know better. The other members of the family were called Gordon Lennox. There was, in strictness, no such title as "Lord Lennox." Witness never saw either of the prisoners, and he never until now heard of such a society as "The General Society for Assurance Against Losses on the Turf." He himself had never betted, though he was accustomed to go to Ascot, Epsom, and other races. Mr. Henry Charles Berkeley deposed that he had known the defendant Walters about three years, and in 1873 he advanced witness money for betting purposes. Witness made bets and then accounted to him, receiving afterwards a share of the winnings. In 1870 witness won £2000 of the Duke de Penelli on pigeon-shooting in one afternoon. The Duke was then about twenty-one, and witness received three bills of exchange for the money. Witness went to Naples on that business, taking the bills with him, and leaving them in the hands of the bankers there. He did not see the Duke de Penelli on that occasion. The business was arranged by witness's solicitor and an Italian solicitor. Witness returned to England about Nov. 21 last. On arriving at home witness found a telegram from the prisoner Walters, who called on him the next

day, and asked him if he had disposed of the bills he had held from the Italian Duke, as he had an Italian friend in England who would purchase them. Witness said he could not then come to any terms with him, as he had left the bills in Naples and had come to an arrangement with the Duke de Penelli. Walters asked him to give him the name of the Duke's father and his own, in order that he might ask his Italian friends whether they were persons of substance. On that witness wrote down the names of the Duke and his father, with their addresses, and gave them to Walters. Walters then asked witness to be a director of a society which was being got up for the insurance of valuable horses and other cattle against death by disease or accident. He added they were going to open an office in Paris; that as witness spoke French they would give him the agency there; that on the promotion of the company he should receive £400 or £500 worth of shares at first, and £400 or £500 worth afterwards. He would at once purchase the shares which witness was to receive at one fourth their maximum value. To prove that he was in earnest he offered witness a £10 note on account. Witness agreed, and signed a memorandum that he had sold to Walters £400 for the first allotment, and that he agreed to take one fourth of the other shares at their maximum value. On the same day witness also signed an agreement to become a director in the society. Witness heard no more of the matter until he saw his name and that of the Duke de Penelli in a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph* of Dec. 14. Upon that witness wrote to Walters expressing his surprise at seeing such an article, and that he had made such use of his name and also that of the Duke. Witness received a reply asking him to meet him at Crosby Hall. Witness went there accordingly and saw Walters. He asked him why he had put his name and that of the Duke in the *Telegraph* as directors of the Turf Association, inasmuch as it was calculated to do him a great deal of harm. He replied he did not think it would do him much harm, and if it did he would recompense him. Witness said he would write to the papers vindicating his character, and Walters begged he would not do so, and asked to meet him again in a day or two at Crosby Hall. Witness afterwards met him there, and a Mr. Kerr, whom witness did not know. Witness again said he would deny publicly that he was a director of the company, but was again asked not to do so. Between the interviews witness had received a communication from Italy. At this stage of the case the Lord Mayor adjourned the hearing until the next day, at one o'clock, the prisoners meanwhile being taken back to prison.

At Guildhall Robert Davey and George Davey, printers, of 1, Bouverie-street, appeared, for the third time, before Alderman Knight in answer to a summons taken out against them by order of the Treasury for keeping a betting-house. Mr. Poland prosecuted; Mr. Besley appeared for the defendants. John Mark Bull, detective sergeant, said that, on Feb. 25, he and other officers went to Dorset-street and apprehended the two prisoners on a warrant. On the way to the station Robert said that "other people betted more than he did," and that the police dealt with the small fry. In the premises the officers found a large number of books and papers relating to betting transactions. Mr. Poland said that, considering the youth of George Davey and the fact that he was there attending to the printing business, he would, with the permission of the Court, withdraw the charge against him. George Davey was then discharged. George Clarke, inspector of police at Scotland-yard, said that, according to the advertisement, the business would be carried on as usual; applicants were to apply to Robert Davey, at the *Sporting Opinion* office, Dorset-street. On Dec. 30 he wrote a letter to the defendant, inclosing a Post-office order for £2 2s., and a stamped envelope addressed to J. W. Butcher, the Cock Inn, Walthamstow. He afterwards received by post in that envelope a receipt for 2s., the printed envelope, an opinion of the races to come off, and the "Daily Price Current." On Feb. 6 he wrote again to the defendant authorising him to invest £1 on the Turf gelding for the Lincolnshire Handicap. He inclosed in that a Post-office order for £1. He afterwards received by post his own stamped envelope back, with a printed envelope addressed to Mr. Robert Davey in Dorset-street, a memorandum, with a column in it for "win" or "place," and a voucher for the money. From that time to the commencement of these proceedings he received the opinion papers. The 2s. were to entitle him to receive the opinions up to the Derby. He lodged an information, and went with Bull to 1, Dorset-street. As he was going into the door he saw Mr. Robert Davey, and asked him where his books and papers were, as he had a warrant to search. He said, "Here they are; I will give you every information you wish to have." He had seen Mr. R. Davey in the office attending to his business previously. Among the books he found one with an entry "*Sporting Opinion*: Derby; Butcher, J. W., Cock Inn, Walthamstow." He also found 200 memorandums similar to those received. He found one book of counterfoils of money paid and four books of receipts for the "Racing Telegram." He found 200 copies of the "Racing Telegram," 50 of a document called "Racing Telegram Subscribers' Key," 100 printed circulars, and a number of forms for obtaining Post-Office orders in favour of Robert Davey. He produced a number of *Sporting Opinion* found at the defendant's office. He found six books of the names of subscribers, but had not got them here. Alder-

man Knight said they would show to what extent the betting was carried on. Mr. Besley, for the defence, said that in passing this Act the Legislature had commenced at the wrong end. They struck at ready-money betting instead of prohibiting the breeding and training of racehorses. The owners of racehorses could not meet their expenses if it were not for ready-money betting, and that kind of betting could not be put a stop to. He contended that, although Mr. Davey had infringed the law, he had conducted his business in an honourable manner, and that the full penalty ought not to be inflicted. Alderman Knight said he could not help coming to the conclusion that Mr. Davey had knowingly violated the Act of Parliament, and had done so with a degree of astuteness which showed him to be a very clever man of business. But for the creditable way in which he had conducted his business, he might have sent him to prison without giving him the option of paying a fine. He sentenced him to pay £100 or to be imprisoned for six months. The money was paid.

GOVERNMENT PROSECUTION UNDER THE BETTING-HOUSE ACT.—On Saturday last, the 6th inst., Charles Manners, described as a commission agent, of 14, West-square, was charged on a warrant, at the Lambeth Police Court, with keeping a betting-house at No. 14, West-square, St. George's-road.

Mr. Poland appeared to prosecute on behalf of the Treasury, and Mr. Fullagar defended the prisoner.

From the statement of Mr. Poland, borne out by the evidence, it appeared that Inspector Clark, of the detective department, Scotland-yard, had his attention drawn to certain advertisements in a sporting newspaper, which induced him to write to the defendant, in order to obtain information with regard to various "events" in racing matters. Letters were addressed to the defendant, under feigned names, inclosing Post-Office orders, and replies received containing the latest "tips" and most reliable information on various races. In consequence of what afterwards transpired, a warrant to search the house from which defendant addressed his letters was obtained at this court, and Inspector Clark went to No. 14, West-square, St. George's-road, Southwark, where he saw the defendant, who said his name was Charles Manners. He told him he should search the place for books and papers, and he then replied he would find no books. The defendant handed over a tin box, and remarked that he did not depend on books, but on letters. The officer asked him if he remembered receiving a letter signed by a person named Beard to John Clifford, and he said he was John Clifford and gave "tips" in different names. The witness examined the tin box, and found about 600 circulars relating to racing and betting matters, bearing the names of Clifford, Rutland, Mason, Manners, and Read. The witness further gave evidence as to sending Post-Office orders, the amounts to be put on various races, and in return received letters signed in the names of Manners and Rutland. Evidence was given with regard to the various documents found, and it was shown that defendant held a lease of a house in the Kent-road, where letters had been advertised to be sent, and some of those letters had been found at the house in West-square. A number of papers were also discovered, as if intended to be forwarded to a sporting paper as advertisements purporting to give the latest information on various racing matters.

Mr. Ellison, in deciding the case, said the Act under which these proceedings had been taken was for the suppression of betting, and the words of that Act showed that no house or place should be kept for the purpose. The present case was in a nutshell. The defendant was the owner or occupier of the house in question, and no doubt in this instance it had been used for the purpose which the prosecution described. After alluding to the various documents found at the defendant's house, he considered defendant must have received all moneys from parties who believed they were to reap a benefit therefrom. Taking into consideration the whole of the circumstances, and the circulars and vouchers found in defendant's house, he (Mr. Ellison) considered defendant was liable within the meaning of the Act, and he therefore ordered him to pay a fine of £100, or to be imprisoned for three months.

The fine was paid.

INVERESK.—Mr. W. Metcalfe, of East Winton, has leased from Mr. Nicholl Inveresk, by Lambton, who now occupies Van Galen's box, and will travel as a country squire.

We beg to call attention to the advertisement which appears on our back page of the *Packington* and North Warwickshire Steeplechases, on Friday and Saturday, April 8 and 9, the entries for which close on Tuesday next to Mr. John Sheldon, the popular clerk of the course. As there is a large amount of added money to the various stakes—the *Packington* Handicap alone commanding the large sum of 300 sovs—there will doubtless be a considerable number of entries.

SIR RICHARD BULKELEY.—We are glad to be able to state that this popular Baronet is almost convalescent.

Mr. G. LYE has disposed of the chestnut three-year-old filly by Breadalbane out of Harebell, and she has left Middleham for Scotland.

MINNIE WARDEN.—This mare, after winning the Selling Hurdle Race at Bristol, on Wednesday, was sold to Mr. G. Jarvis for 215 gs.

The three-year-old filly by Distin out of Nell Gwynne, by Archy, has been named Beeswing.

Mr. F. BATES has named his three-year-old filly by Mandrake out of Lady Flora, Anabel; and the two-year-old own sister Em.

STRAUSS'S OPERA, "The Bat," is to be played for the benefit of a charity, on Saturday, at the Academy. It is only right that the performance of this opera should be followed by a ball.—*Arcadian*.

SPAIN has agreed to pay to England £500 for each white man and £300 for each negro killed during the Virginian outrage. That's the advantage of having a navy.—*Arcadian*.

*Robert le Diable*, which had not been played in Lisbon for sixteen years, has just been brought out, at the San Carlo Theatre, in the presence of the King and the Royal family. Madame Marie Sass obtained a great success as 'Alice,' as did M. Merly as 'Bertram.' The former is engaged again for the next winter season.

THUNDER.—This horse, engaged in the Lincolnshire Handicap with 9st 2lb, left Newmarket, on Monday last, for his owner's (Mr. F. H. Vyners') place, Newby Abbey, near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, where Ironstone is now also being trained.

CHELTEMHAM SPRING MEETING.—The Grand Annual Steeplechase has closed with the splendid entry of seventy-three, the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase Plate with forty-one, and the Handicap Hurdle Race with forty-one.

BOSWORTH.—While running in the Berkeley Hurdle Race at Bristol, on Wednesday, Bosworth broke down. This is the same Bosworth, by Atherstone out of Aunt Hannah, who won the Spencer Plate in 1870, and the Royal Cup at Windsor the following year.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Morton and Colonel Teesdale, honoured the performance at this theatre on Thursday week.

LICHFIELD SPRING MEETING.—A Hurdle Handicap of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added, and the Lichfield Handicap Steeplechase of 10 sovs. each, with 80 added, will both close next Tuesday week to Mr. Sheldon or to Messrs. Weatherby.

THE GRAND FANCY-DRESS BALL AT BRIGHTON. The preparations for this ball, which promises to be of an historical character, are nearly completed. In addition to other bands the Scots Greys', who will play in full dress, has been engaged. Several of the leading members of the International Gun and Polo Club, under whose auspices the event will take place, will attend, and it is expected that the company will be honoured with the presence of Royalty. The Brighton Railway Company will run convenient trains from all stations.

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—St. Patrick's Eve will be celebrated at the Royal Albert Hall by an Irish Festival Concert, in which Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli (who will sing in London for the first time this season) will take part. Mr. Levy, the celebrated cornet player, will also appear, and part-songs will be contributed by the part-song choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD AND HORSE-RACING.—Notwithstanding the attempt of the University, and authorities of Christ Church in particular, to suppress the annual college "grinds" or steeplechases, the members of the "house" have held their meeting in the Otmoor country over a course surpassing the "Grand National." The sport was of the usual exciting and interesting character, with, perhaps, more spills than usual. There was a large attendance of members of Christ Church and the University generally, and the townspeople mustered in considerable force.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE OBJECTION.—The objection to Duke of Cambridge, who came in first for the City Grand Hurdle Race at Bristol on Tuesday, was investigated on the following day by the stewards. After a tedious inquiry, during which evidence of some of the jockeys who took part in the race was taken, Lord Fitzhardinge, Captain Stirling, and Mr. Reginald Herbert gave their decision in the following terms:—"The stewards are of opinion that the position of the post that Duke of Cambridge is alleged to have gone the wrong side of not being sufficiently defined to indicate the line of the course, and the attention of the jockeys not having been called to the same, and the evidence also being very conflicting, hereby confirm the judge's decision in favour of Duke of Cambridge." It seems that no post should have been put up where the digression took place, and the post was removed by order of the Clerk of the Course on Wednesday morning, being deemed unnecessary in hurdle-races.

### INDIGESTION!

### INDIGESTION!

## MORSON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

SOLD in Bottles as WINE, at 3s., 5s., and 9s.; LOZENGES, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; GLOBULES, 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.; and POWDER, in 1-oz. bottles at 5s. each.

BY ALL CHEMISTS AND THE MANUFACTURERS,

T. MORSON & SON, Southampton-row, Russell-square, London.



## SALES BY AUCTION.

## NOTICE.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** beg to give NOTICE that their SALES on MONDAY will commence at ELEVEN O'CLOCK until further notice, getting to the Boxes at 1.30.

## MR. OFFIN'S HOUNDS.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** have received instructions from Mr. Offin to SELL by AUCTION, early in MAY (unless previously disposed of by private contract), his PACK of FOXHOUNDS and HORSES. For price and particulars apply to Messrs. TATTERSALL, Albert Gate, Hyde Park, W.

## THE CHESHIRE HUNT HORSES.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** have received instructions from H. Reginald Corbett, Esq., the Master, to SELL by AUCTION, without reserve, as usual, on SATURDAY, MAY 8 (the Saturday of the Chester Race week), at the KENNELS, his entire Stud of valuable YOUNG HORSES, many of them up to weight, which have been ridden through the season by the Master, Huntsman, and Whips, and many of them have carried a lady.

Full particulars will appear in due time.

## THE EAST SUSSEX (MR. C. A. EGERTON'S) FOX-HOUNDS.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** have received instructions from C. A. Egerton, Esq., to SELL by AUCTION, early in APRIL, unless previously disposed of by private contract, his PACK of FOXHOUNDS, consisting of about 30 Couples of Working Hounds and 10 Couples of Unentered Hounds. They are a well-bred lot of Hounds, good workers. Sold in consequence of Mr. Egerton's giving up the East Sussex and taking the Rufford, where the hounds belong to the country.

For further particulars, price, &c., apply to Messrs. TATTERSALL.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** have received instructions from H. Villebois, Esq., to SELL by AUCTION at the End of the Season, unless previously disposed of by private contract, his PACK of FOXHOUNDS.

For price and particulars apply to Messrs. TATTERSALL, Albert-gate, Hyde Park, W.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** will SELL by AUCTION, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, MARCH 15, the following HORSES, well known with the North and South Warwickshire Hounds, the property of J. F. Liebert, Esq., who is unable to hunt again this season, having met with an accident:—

1. CANNON BALL.
2. DECIT.
3. VAN JOHN, quiet in single and double harness.
4. BANKER.
5. LADY GODIVA.

Also the following Stallions.

6. THE LEOPARD, by Sundeelah out of Madame Clegnot.
7. ADONIS.
8. VENUS.

**TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION**, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, MARCH 22, the following HORSES, the property of Boycott Wright, Esq.:—

1. BILLY, brown gelding, 6 years old; a good fencer, fast, and up to great weight.
2. CEREBELLUM, brown gelding, 5 years old, by Prescription; very clever, and has constantly carried a lady.
3. MOONLIGHT, chestnut gelding; winner over a country and hurdles, a good fencer, and has regularly carried a lady to hounds.
4. ARTHUR, bay gelding, 6 years old; a good fencer, very fast, and likely to win steeplechases, a snaffle bridle horse.
5. MILO, bay gelding, 7 years old, by Cavendish, dam by Venison; a clever fencer, winner over a country, and has constantly carried a lady.
6. PRUDENCE, bay mare, 5 years old; good fencer, and has been constantly driven in single and double harness.

The above have been regularly hunted by their owner, and are clever in flying and bank countries, and many of them very good timber jumpers.

7. SAGO, brown mare; a good hack, and constantly driven in single and double harness by a lady, and as leader in a team, with good action, and fast.
8. SPICE, brown mare; a good hack, and constantly driven in single and double harness by a lady, and as leader in a team, with good action, and fast.

## STALLIONS.

**JINGLING JOHNNY**, dark bay horse (sire of Worcester, &c.), by Kingston out of Blue Bonnet, by Touchstone.

**ELECTION**, bay horse, 16 hands high, by Lambton out of The Queen, by Iago—Duchess of Kent, by Belshazzar; winner of many races, his stock are very promising.

The above are worthy of notice for the foreign market.

## THURSDAY'S SALES.

**TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION**, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on THURSDAY NEXT, about ONE HUNDRED and THIRTY HORSES, consisting of Hunters, Hacks, and Harness Horses, the property of different noblemen and gentlemen.

Sale will commence at 11 o'clock.

Horses on view, and Catalogues ready on Wednesday and morning of sale.

Messrs. Tattersall beg to give notice that all their stalls are booked for Monday's sales in April, May, and June, and nearly all for March.

There will be a sale every Thursday till further notice.

**Pimlico**—The well-known Cab Stock of Mr. Robert Copley, for Unreserved Sale.

**J. S. GOWER and CO.** (Herbert Rymill, Proprietor) have received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, on the PREMISES, Robert-street, Commercial-road, Pimlico, on MONDAY, MARCH 22, at 12 for 1 o'clock, 30 superior short-legged young HARNESS HORSES, 17 Hansom and Clarence Cabs, in first-rate order, 30 sets of Harness, Waggonette, Light Spring Van, Two Hand Barrows, Patent Chaff Machine, Corn Bin, good Horse Cloths, 40 Corn Sacks, 9 Store Pigs, quantity of Poultry, and effects. In consequence of Mr. Copley's term expiring at Lady Day, the premises being required.—On view Saturday prior. Catalogues on the premises; and of the Auctioneer, at his Repository, Barbican.

**J. S. GOWER and CO.** (Herbert Rymill, Proprietor) will SELL by AUCTION, at the REPOSITORY, BARBICAN, on FRIDAY, MARCH 19, at 12 o'clock, 25 very useful young HARNESS HORSES (all warranted quiet in harness), 10 Hansom Cabs, Waggonettes, Commercial Phaetons, Spring Carts, 20 sets town-made Harness, Chaff and Weighing Machines, Corn-Bins, Stable Utensils, &c.—On view two days prior.

## BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

**J. S. GOWER and CO.** will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED and SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c.

## HERBERT RYMILL, Proprietor.

## SALES BY AUCTION.

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**J. S. GOWER and CO.** (Herbert Rymill, Proprietor) have been favoured with instructions from the Trustee in Liquidation to SELL by AUCTION, on the PREMISES, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, at 12 for 1 o'clock, those unique and splendid PREMISES, in the best part of the Westminster Bridge-road, originally designed for a first-class Horse-dealer's Establishment, to which purpose they have for many years been applied on a scale of considerable magnitude. There is accommodation of the highest order for about seventy horses in stalls and loose boxes, one of the finest covered rides in London, comfortable residence, counting-house, &c., the arrangements in every detail being most complete. The lease has about 8½ years unexpired, at an exceedingly low rental. Also about Twenty valuable high-stepping young MATCH HORSES, showing much quality with size and substance; Double and Single Breaks; Single Broughams, by Peters; Stanhope Phaetons; four-horse, pair, and single Harness; Riding Saddles and Bridles; suits of Clothing; night and travelling Rugs; Knee-caps, Show-bridles, Head-collars, and the customary yard appointments of a dealer in horses.—May be viewed. Printed particulars, with conditions of sale and catalogues of stock, may be obtained of J. Slater, Esq., 1, Guildhall-chambers, E.C.; Messrs. Beard and Son, Solicitors, 10, Basinghall-street; on the Premises; and of the Auctioneer, at his Repository, Barbican, E.C.

**PACKINGTON and NORTH WARWICKSHIRE STEEPLECHASES**, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, APRIL 8 and 9.

The following close on Tuesday next, March 16, to Mr. John Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham; or to Messrs. Weatherby, London.

**CALTHORP HANDICAP PLATE** of 100 sovs. Entrance 3 sovs. Two miles.

**COUNTY CUP** of 100 sovs. Ten sovs each. Three miles.

**PACKINGTON HANDICAP**, of 15 sovs each, 3 ft., with 300 added. Three miles and a half.

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